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CATHOLIC RECORD.

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A PRESENT NEED.*

LET us turn from the turmoil of our day, its failures and sins, and excessive nervous excitement, to consider for awhile a boy's brief life in the latter half of the sixteenth century. Of all the volumes put forth in the admirable "Quarterly Series," conducted by the managers of *The Month*, we have chosen *The Story of St. Stanislaus Kostka*, because of its marked bearing upon our own time and country.

Stanislaus Kostka was born in the month of September, 1550. His parents were of the high nobility of Poland, and to his father's house belonged an honor higher than that of noble birth, it had never been tainted by heresy or schism. Stanislaus was the second of five children, the manner of whose home training is given in the words of Paul, the eldest son. "They were resolved," he says of his parents, "to train us in the true faith, to have us well instructed in Catholic doctrine, and to keep us from all luxury and self-indulgence. They were rather severe and strict with us, and their own example, as well as that of their

dependents, was an inducement to piety, modesty, and temperance, so that not one of our numerous servants might have cause of complaint against us. Every one had as much liberty as our parents to instruct us in our duty, and to administer correction. The result was that we showed respect to every one as to our parents, and were loved by all."

In 1564 the two brothers were sent to Vienna to study in a school conducted by Jesuit Fathers, whose order had then been but twenty-four years in existence. In this city Stanislaus pursued his studies for two or three years, and then, in the December of 1566, a severe illness brought him to the doors of death. Marvellously restored to life again, a great longing, which for some time had possessed his soul, increased to such a degree that he could not resist it, a desire to give himself to his Lord's service in the company of Jesus. In vain did he apply to the Fathers at Vienna. John Kostka had intrusted his son to them; Stanislaus declared that it was useless to ask permission in regard to the step he wished to take, for he was sure it would not be

* The Story of St. Stanislaus Kostka. Edited by Henry James Coleridge, of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates. 1875.

granted; they could not consent to receive him thus. Then the boy made up his mind to leave his country and his father's house, and "beg his way as a pilgrim wherever there were any Jesuit colleges, and to go on making his request, first in one place and then in another, till it was granted." For a long while he had been enduring in silent patience taunts and blows and kicks from his brother because his holy life was displeasing to Paul, and a tacit reproof of his evil ways; now, when next ill-used, Stanislaus declared that such conduct would drive him to leave the place. "Go where you like," Paul cried, "only don't let me see any more of you." And so one August morning Stanislaus left the city, and in pilgrim dress proceeded joyfully to go where he liked.

He was pursued in vain. Walking about four hundred and fifty miles, he a noble's son, without money, fed by charity, and housed at night like any beggar, he came to Augsburg, and not finding there the provincial of whom he was in search, went straight on to Dillingen. Here he was allowed to count himself as a novice, but his stay was short, and on the 25th of October, 1567, he was received into the Central Home of the order in Rome. There for ten months his life flowed on in the uneventful monotony, as men would think it, of the noviceship, and there, on the Feast of the Assumption, 1568, Stanislaus Kostka died.

And is this all? Before we search more deeply into this life, let us notice what followed after death. At once, as though the mystical odor of sanctity pervaded Rome, the city woke to the knowledge that a saint had been there; not only the other novices and the fathers of his order gathered around his bier, but crowds of the people visited it. Into the midst of this holy triumph Paul Kostka came, unconscious of what had happened, eager to bear home his despised, ill-treated brother as a

captive. But the King of kings had taken his servant into his own safe-keeping. Paul found a silent corpse round which a whole city was telling of the holiness of the soul whose shrine that corpse had been. With a changed heart Paul went home to carry the news, and then "but one sentiment, that of deep joy and gratitude, penetrated the household of Kostka. They all felt that for an earthly relative whom they had lost they had obtained a saint for a brother."

And soon all Poland learned that it had a saint for a child. Word arrived from Rome that Stanislaus had been styled Blessed; his pictures were placed in the churches, his statues in the squares, lamps and votive offerings around his tomb. Fifty years after his death the Poles gained a signal victory over the Turks in an invasion which had threatened the very salvation of the country, and this was attributed to the intercession of St. Stanislaus, a portion of whose precious relics had entered the Polish dominions on the day of the enemies' final rout. Fifty years later still "the great victory of Sobieski over the Turks, near Leopold, in 1676, was attributed by him and his consort to the intercession of the saint, to whom many prayers were made at the time of the battle, the issue of which was decided, in a great measure, by an extraordinary storm of hail and snow (it was on the 24th of August), which drove right in the faces of the Turks, who were far more numerous than their opponents, and who were completely disconcerted and thrown into disorder by the suddenness and violence of the tempest." And fifty years after this event the final rites were celebrated which numbered the holy boy of Poland among the canonized saints revered by the world-wide Church of God.

But what has it all to do with us as Americans, and with this special year which opens a second century

of our national existence? Let us look again upon that life of three centuries ago; look upon it not by the light of events, but to see the real character, the spring of action, the secret of this marvellous influence upon others. Of Stanislaus's childhood we are told that there seemed to be nothing of the child about him save his sweetness and innocence; his whole delight was in holy things and in exercises of devotion. It was said of him lovingly that he was an angel now, and would be a saint by and by. In Vienna he seemed, whether at prayer or study, or in ordinary conversation, to live in the atmosphere of holiness. "For his angelic modesty and piety he was looked upon as an angel." He led a life of severe penance, yet had nothing gloomy about him, "was always bright and joyous, with that indescribable gayety which is the inseparable companion of innocence and holiness."

"But what," says his biographer, "must have been the gladness of that blessed soul, so faintly reflected in his happy face, that soul which for long hours of day and night was rapt in the enjoyment of God, and bathed in the bliss of heaven? Safe with his God 'from the strife of tongues and the provoking of all men,' his secret was known to no human heart." Yet part of that secret we may guess, even as we also know in part how sore was the provoking of men around him. Taunted by the tutor sent with him and Paul to Vienna, told "that a nobleman might lead a Christian life without being singular and extravagant, that God only requires the allegiance of the heart, and that in external matters it was his duty to conform to the ways of the world;" beaten and stamped upon by his own brother, he returned this noble answer: "I was not created for this world but for eternity, and for eternity, not for this world, I will live." Yet, while abating not one whit his prayers

and penances, he loved to wait upon his brother as a menial might have done, and tried in things which were not of conscience to adapt himself to his will. To his parents he made no complaints, though his wrongs came from one only a year his senior, and it was to one so near his own age that in the flush of independent youth his obedience was meekly rendered.

There is a special blessing promised to the clean of heart: "They shall see God." The perfect fulfilment of that promise, the complete rapture of the beatific vision in a bliss that shall be endless and unbroken, belongs to heaven, but it has for holy souls its foretaste upon earth. To this child, whose angelic modesty was so intense that he often fell into what seemed a swoon if persons spoke in his presence of matters contrary to Christian purity,—to this boy, who used to walk in Vienna as if he walked with the Boy Jesus in Jerusalem,—so devoted to the Immaculate Mother that all his compositions touched upon some of her glories, and he was wont to write her name on the books he used, that when he saw it he might kiss it, and who never entered or left school without visiting the Blessed Sacrament,—to so sweet a soul a very garden of lilies in its purity, the Lord of holiness delighted to come down. In Stanislaus's great illness while at Vienna he longed exceedingly to receive Holy Communion, but their Lutheran landlord, with whom Paul insisted upon boarding, would not permit the Blessed Sacrament to come into his house. God the Almighty has ministers who are as flames of fire, and to whom bolts and bars and man's will are nothing. Let the boy tell his own story as he told it to a dear friend in Rome. "Once when I was ill, in the house of a heretic, I had an intense longing for Holy Communion, and I recommended the matter to St. Barbara. While my heart was full

of this desire she suddenly appeared in the room accompanied by two angels bearing the Blessed Sacrament, and I communicated with great joy." He supposed that this grace was vouchsafed to him as his viaticum, and he did for a time grow much worse, but God had other work and another rapturous delight in store for him. The Blessed Virgin, her Holy Child in her arms, came to his couch, and laying the divine infant on the bed, he and Stanislaus embraced and caressed each other; and in this visit of exquisite bliss the command was given to the youth that he should enter the Society of Jesus. After this he arose perfectly well.

The command served to quicken into action a flame which had been burning in his heart for months, for in his degree he knew the sufferings of vocation which some souls have to bear to a far greater extent and for a much longer time. There was one calling to him, asking for his whole self without reserve; one who would not endure that father or mother should be loved in comparison with him, and who even asks that father and mother shall be hated for his name's sake. At last, in the night of him who let his Holy Mother seek him three days sorrowing, Stanislaus left all to follow him.

On that journey, once again the Blessed Sacrament was brought to his hungering soul by angels, and the very different experiences which followed these heavenly delights, they were blessings, the exercise of humility and self-abnegation in his life at Dillingen, where the duties of a common servant were apportioned to this son of two noble houses of Poland. These duties he accepted "with the greatest joy and readiness, and discharged them with admirable diligence and modesty. When the news began to be whispered among the young men that the man-servant whose manners they liked so much was equal by birth and breeding to

the highest among them, and that he was acting in this lowly capacity simply for the love of God, and to obtain the favor of being received into the society, they regarded him with the utmost veneration, and we are told that many of them were led by his example to leave the world and enter the religious state."

Then came the regular noviceship at Rome. Prayer, lessons, discussions, some manual labor, one simple duty or exercise of devotion following upon another in set order—this was and is the method of such a life. Of his we are told that "what alone distinguishes it from the ordinary course of a Jesuit novice, is the perfection with which its duties were discharged, and the fragrance of exquisite sanctity which it left behind it in the minds of those who were the companions of the saint and the witnesses of his daily actions." We hear of the exactness with which he kept the rules, the prudence and reasonableness which pervaded all he did, the readiness of his obedience even when he was ordered to do things in themselves difficult and repugnant to human nature. We read of his marked sweetness and meekness in conversation—never a word bitter or offensive in any way; of his gravity, and yet his affability; of "the air of purity which seemed to breathe from his face, as if even his fresh beauty had something of a gift of inspiring those who looked on him with the love of the angelical virtue." His love for penance, his progress in the spirit of mortification, are noted, and his marvellous fervor in prayer, where he met with no distractions, but his face glowed with light, and his eyes were moist with tears, and his heart was so on fire with the love of Christ that he had to apply cold wet cloths to allay the heat. And his devotion to our Blessed Lady increased with his holy life.

So the month of August came, and they looked forward and talked

among themselves of the great Feast of the Assumption, which glorifies that month. "I hope," said Stanislaus, "that I shall be up there (in Paradise) myself to enjoy this feast that is coming." Once already in that month he had said that he should die before its close, but then and now they heeded him not, little dreaming that the darling of their Roman home was ripening fast with the glowing summer for the heavenly home. On the feast of St. Lawrence it is related that he went to communion with a letter on his heart addressed to the Queen of Angels, asking her to obtain for him that he should be in Heaven on her approaching feast. The rest of that morning he spent in humble service in the kitchen, meditating holily meanwhile. That day illness came upon him, slight at first and for some days; yet to one and another he said that he should die. On Sunday, the 14th, alarm was felt for him, a deadly faint came upon him, then other dangerous symptoms. His prayer was to be answered, his faith rewarded, for he was truly dying. He asked pardon of all about him, and received the last sacraments devoutly. Let us lose not one word of the exquisite closing scenes.

"A few sayings and anecdotes are all that remain to us to help us to paint to ourselves the quiet hours as they passed on, bringing death every moment nearer and nearer. Father Ruiz asked him about his rosary, which he still held in his hand, though he was no longer able to recite the prayers. 'It belongs to my Blessed Mother,' said the dying youth. 'Courage,' said the father, 'for you will soon be in your Mother's presence, and be able to kiss her hands.' The words sent a thrill of joy through his frame, and he raised his hands and eyes to heaven in intense thanksgiving. Again and again he kissed the medal which hung at the end of the father's rosary as he knelt by his side, as well as a little

picture of Our Lady which was always before him. He was asked if he had anything on his mind which gave him trouble, and he replied that there was nothing; he had placed all his confidence in the mercy of God, and for the rest was entirely resigned to his will. Again and again he repeated the words of the Psalm, 'My heart is ready, O God; my heart is ready!'

"He made his confession again more than once, either at the suggestion of Father Fagio, or of his own accord. He asked after his brother novices, and was told they had all been told to go to bed, so he begged that each one might be greeted in his name, and be asked to forgive him for all the bad example he had given them. 'The time is short' (*tempus breve est*), he said to Father Fagio. 'Yes,' said the other, '*reliquium est*' (it remains), and Stanislaus added, '*ut præparemus nos*' (for us to make ourselves ready). Then they began to recite prayers for the dying, the *Adoremus te Christe*, and the prayer of St. Innocent, *Deus qui pro redemptione mundi voluisti nasci*, and the rest, in which the whole of our Lord's passion is summed up in brief. Stanislaus, with the crucifix in his hand, followed all with great fervor. They asked him if the repetition of the prayers fatigued him, or if he felt weary at waiting so long for death; but he answered that he was full of consolation. After a time, not to tire him, they stopped praying aloud, and then he began himself with some prayers of Dionysius, the Carthusian, which he was in the habit of saying, and broke out into great expressions of thankfulness to God for all the benefits he had received from him, especially those of redemption and creation, and he prayed him to blot out all his faults and receive his soul in peace. Then he kissed most tenderly the sacred wounds of the feet and hands and side on his crucifix, and leaned his head forward on the

crown of thorns. He got them to bring him a little book which he kept, in which he had written the names of the saints whom it had fallen to his lot to have to reverence specially month after month, and he begged the bystanders to commend him to these, his protectors.

"Stanislaus had begged from the very beginning of the dangerous crisis in which he now was, that he might be laid upon the bare ground, so as to die as a penitent. His request was refused almost up to the last; but he renewed it again, and he was at last placed on the ground, with a small pallet under him. There he lay till long after midnight on the Sunday. The day of the Assumption of his Blessed Mother found him still on earth. The novice-master, Father Fagio, Father Alphonso Ruiz, who, as has been said, had been his master while at the Gesu, with Father Warscewiski, who was the first to write his life, and others, knelt beside him. One more change came over him as the silent hours, broken only by prayers and sobs, flowed on towards the early dawn. He ceased from praying, and a wonderful gleam of joy came over his face. He looked around here and there, and seemed to be inviting his companions to join him in showing reverence to some great and holy person whom he saw present. Father Ruiz bent down to him, and the simple, obedient youth told him what it was that he seemed to see. The secret was divulged after his death. The Blessed Virgin appeared to him in that last hour as she had appeared to him in his perilous sickness at Vienna. Then she had bidden him enter the Society of her Son on earth, and now she came to welcome him to it in heaven. She was accompanied by a band of holy virgins, and they seemed to speak to him and he to them. The vision passed away only with his life. The ineffably happy smile which the sight of Mary had called to his lips was

still there as he breathed his last, and even remained on his face as it calmed down into the tranquillity of death. It was soon after three o'clock on the morning of the Feast of the Assumption. The actual moment of death was hardly discernible. Stanislaus lay with his rosary in one hand, a blessed candle in the other, 'as a protestation of faith.' The fathers asked one another by their looks whether he was gone. It was known that it was so by a simple test. The picture of Our Lady always made him smile and light up afresh, but it was now placed before his eyes, and no change could be noted. His soul was in heaven with Our Lady herself."

With the calm of that holy death in the early morning still entrancing us, we turn to the tumult and heat of our own day. Strangely upon our constant hurry, our plans for business, for amusement, for education, comes the memory of this boy's serene, short life, into which no thought of worldly interest seemed even to enter; where his solitary earthly desire was granted when he was received into the Society to which God's voice called him; where not even plans for his future in religion are to be found; a life whose record contains none of those deeds which the world is wont to term acts of charity. Therefore it speaks to us as many saintly lives might fail to speak as clearly, because in them our attention is called in various directions. Here, with absorbing power, we are drawn from time and sense to that which is invisible. To this boy, God and the things of God were the realities; time and the things of time the sham and mocking shadows that they are.

It is a strange contradiction in which we live. Man's business is carried on daily by means which man cannot see. The electricity which flashes important matters from one continent to another, the heat which sets our looms in motion,

the chemical forces which enter into the phases of our hourly existence, are invisible, noiseless, intangible; and who among us thinks of questioning their reality? But, while acting constantly on the strength of such trust as this, men doubt the very existence of angel or spirit or of God himself. Into our turmoils and our doubts the story of St. Stanislaus Kostka comes like a lull in a tempest. And let us bear in mind that all we read and think of him must be read and thought in fair faith. We are not accustomed to go to a ploughman to learn about astronomy, nor to a philosopher to be taught about farming. By that same token, we go, not to unbelievers, but to the saints of God, to learn of the things of God. Before we call their ecstasies mere dreams, and their miracles a delusion, let us ask if our hearts are so clean and our lives so pure, that we are fitted to judge what the sight of God is, or what it can effect.

Men dare to tell us that what we read of such saints belongs to an age long gone by; that simple or blinded races craved the marvellous, but to our free and enlightened people these stories are only stories, and we must adapt ourselves to the need of our day. *It is the very need of our day which is met thus.* The boy of to-day pores over the story book which tells of a runaway's doings by sea or land in search of adventure, or he seeks his heroes in the world's history upon the battle-field, or in the cabinet, or on the exchange; and he turns away from prayer and church and holy books,—they are tiresome and womanish. The secret lies simply here. God never gave more than one Church to men, and that Church alone can win and keep them for him. In that Church Christ the Lord is revealed to them, more real than anything on earth,—hero, leader, conqueror, glorious King, with the wounded heart that wakes the loyal fire in all noble

hearts to suffer and bleed like it. In that Church the Communion of Saints is an actual verity, and the Mother of God cares for us, and the angels of God walk beside us by night and day. There the voice of Christ still calls to souls to leave all and follow him, and there still are the men and the women who take that "all" in its full meaning, and leave at once their homes and their riches, their nets and their father, to follow Christ alone. And there still are lives like this saintly one, which bid our turmoils cease, while they remind us that God is glorified by and delights in the life of praise and peace and prayer which men term useless.

The Story of St. Stanislaus Kostka, which we have been noticing, is beautifully but very briefly told. The life of the saint in the library of religious biography, edited by Mr. Edward H. Thompson, while it records the same events in the earthly existence, surrounds them with a larger mass of detail, and devotes many more pages to the intercessory work of the saint after death. Then this boy who, as men would say, "did nothing useful," worked with God in Heaven by a marvellous and loving and steadfast power. Through his intercession the plague ceased its ravages and fire its work of swift destruction, sight was granted to the blind, health to the sick and dying, life to the dead, and so great and signal was the aid which he rendered to his native country, that the title of Patron of Poland was awarded to him by Pope Clement X. And after a long catalogue of these wonderful deeds, "few as they are in comparison with those detailed by his chief biographer, Bartoli, which again, as he says, are scanty as compared with those recorded in the processes," come the following touching words:

"We have limited ourselves to citing those miracles which, from their external character, admit of

juridical proof; but it would be a great injustice to the saint, and an unpardonable omission, were we to fail to observe that the miraculous assistance which Stanislaus has rendered in the order of grace, has far surpassed in abundance even his temporal interventions. P. Bartoli, who wrote ninety-seven years after the saint's death, asserts that instances were daily occurring, and doubtless many more existed, known only to the individuals themselves, of relief from every species of horrible and afflicting temptation; from scruples, aridity, desolation of spirit; from inability to excite contrition in the heart, and even to offer a single prayer; from danger of despair; in short, from every peril and internal suffering which can menace or oppress the soul, all through the effectual intercession of Stanislaus." And Father Coleridge gives a letter written by the venerable Father Nicolas Lanciski, telling in detail certain great spiritual graces granted him through St. Stanislaus.

"So small a boy and so great a saint;" thus he was spoken of in days that are past, and thus still his praise rings down to us for our profit in this country to-day. There will come a time when it will be known that America is owned by a mightier power than banner of England or France or Spain or the wide-spread stars and stripes denote; there will come a time when from north to south and from east and west the King of kings, immortal and invisible, shall claim his own. But for this, and for all his work, he has other weapons besides those plain and tangible ones which impress the world. Among his saints are princes and counsellors indeed, souls of flame like holy Xavier's, and souls of steel like holy Loyola's, and the soul of the seraph like the great saint of Assisi; but he has also flowers in his eternal garden, who serve him by their lowliness and loveliness, their praise and prayers

and penances, their very *living*. Against other holy ones the powers of the world can struggle hard, but before these they are impotent. No human weapon can fight prayer; no human strength can hurt a holy life; no human subtlety can cope with the simplicity of those who, secure from all evil, are hidden with Christ in God. What a check to our eager pursuit of wealth and our wild political excitements, is the thought of this boy's calm seventeen years of life on earth, and his prevailing power with God afterward for the benefit of his people!

Have we no need of saintly intercession in the seething chaos of our new world? Ever since the second holy Christopher bore Christ across the stormy waters to the much-desired land, holy men and women have lived here who loved and died for Christ alone, and many of them have died for him the martyr's death. Is there nothing for us to do, either by the active hand or powerful prayer, to rend the veil of falsehood from the past, and raise these soldiers of the great King to their true places nobly won in his Holy Church? Derided and neglected though they be on earth, they live this day and plead this day for us and for our country before the Eternal Throne. What added force would be given to their pleading, were we fervently striving that God should here be glorified in his saints! What truer, tenderer love would be ours for our country, if far and wide the truth was known and prized, that this land was sought for and found and claimed in the Name of names for the Cross of our Lord! Will the boys of America be the worse men of America, when they know that the discoverer of this western world was more than a discoverer; that he was truly Christopher, the Christ-bearer, a Bayard among God's soldiery, a great-hearted crusader yearning to win the world for his Divine Master? Will they be the

better or the worse when they count as their patterns and patrons men who loved poverty rather than riches, and purity rather than self-indulgence, and humble obedience rather than self-will? Will they be the better or the worse if they learn to say, "I was not created for this world but for eternity, and for eternity, not for this world, I will live?"

LEGEND OF THE BEST BELOVED.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

THE Mother Abbess knelt before her throne,
And heard the last, low dulcet monotone
Of the night-office into silence fall;
And saw around her in each ancient stall,
(Like shrouded statues of the saints at prayer),
The nuns and novices prostrated there.

II.

Then said she to her Spouse: "Of all these dear
And chosen worshippers assembled here,
Which is Thy best beloved?" Thro' the gloom,
A shape upon the altar seemed to bloom,
(As luminous as amber, and as clear
As crystal ice upon a mountain mere),
Whose open side revealed the fiery dart
Piercing the holy, thorn-encircled Heart!

III.

And sweetly stole His answer on her ear,
"My best beloved is not here, not here!"

IV.

Rapt was she then in speechless ecstasy,
But heard the voice adjure her, "Follow Me!"
And so was lifted from the choir-floor,
(Lightly, as might a floating feather be),
The while the shining Shape went on before,
A shadow in His wake, she seemed to soar

Through many a dusky crypt and corridor,
 Lit by the radiant feet as by the sun,
 As up and up He sped ; the wondering nun
 Had passed the winding staircase to a cell,
 (Hid like a chamber in a spiral shell),
 Close to the tower of the convent bell.

V.

Here lay upon a pallet, small and hard,
 The cloistered leper, Sister Lutigarde ;
 The little dwarf whom no one loved or praised
 Save for the sweet Christ's sake ; a Savoird,
 Repulsive in her mien, as one half-dazed
 With her strange thoughts ; her hidden, helpless air,
 Her halting speech, her vagaries in prayer,
 Had tried the novice-mistress in her day,
 More than a hundred souls that owned her sway,
 So useless seemed the little maid, so dull
 In all the works that nuns deem beautiful.

VI.

No broideries on jewelled silk *her* hand
 Had ever shaped to vestments rich and grand ;
 Or wondrous banners where the needle paints
 The miracles and legends of the saints.
 The weaving of old laces, frail as those
 Bright, shining webs the garden spider throws
 Over the dewy roses ; spinning threads
 Of snowy linen for the august beds
 Of noble houses ; or with skill antique,
 Illuminating books in honeyed Greek
 And liquid Latin ; moulding flowers and fruits
 From painted wax ; or touching silver lutes,
 (With holy hymn and canticle divine),
 Before Madonna Mary's liliated shrine,—
 All these, and other crafts as high and hard,
 Were occult arts to poor dull Lutigarde.

VII.

But, when the foul distemper on her fell,
 (Requital of a love that healed the sores
 Of leprous beggars at the convent doors),
 She hid her, henceforth, in that lofty cell,
 Up where the lichens and the building birds
 Brightened the bondage of the abbey bell,
 But did not miss the sweets of life (kind words,
 And loving sympathy bestowed by good
 And gracious souls) ; the pitying sisterhood
 Did what they dared to ease her heavy cross,
 Yet reckoned not her absence as a loss.

VIII.

And thus the weary suffering years had trailed
 Their wounded length ; and suns arose and paled
 A thousand times upon the tower of stone,
 Beneath whose shade the leper lay alone ;
 Hearing from out the belfry, ivy-veiled,
 (Or, in its season, leafless and forsaken),
 The great bell ever solemnly intone,
 " Oh ! love to be unknown, unknown, unknown !"
 Albeit that her very bed was shaken
 Whene'er the ponderous chimes began to waken,
 She only seemed more strange and silent grown.

IX.

For all those mighty throes and shudderings
 That rocked the roof and down the rafters leapt,
 She no more heeded than such airy things
 As leaves, or snow-flakes, or the burnished wings
 Of happy birds that past her window swept.
 The leper's eyes ('twas doubtful when they slept),
 Were ever fixed upon an object small,—
 A crucifix upon the whitewashed wall.

X.

The stigmas on the Christ were rude and brown,
 But all day long, from rise to set of sun,
 The leper's languid eyes went up and down
 From head to feet, from feet to thorny crown,
 With one dull gaze ; and when the nursing nun
 Crept in the night-watch to the lonely one,
 The moonlight or the taper's flickering flame,
 Showed that the large dark eyes were on the same
 Blest rood. A whispered "*Veni, Jesu mi !*"
 (It mattered not how oft she went or came),
 "*O Veni, Jesu ! Veni, Amor mi !*"
 The list'ner heard with awe ; and often stood—
 Her trembling hand upon the massive latch—
 Resolved to rouse the sleeping sisterhood,
 And summon them to share the wondrous watch.
 But, straightway stealing from the dusky spot,
 The vision and the words remembered not ;
 Alone with God, and all things else debarred,
 In choir and crypt, in cell and cloistered yard,
 Forgotten was the Sister Lutigarde.

XI.

Forgotten ? Yea, by all save One alone ;
 And now the Abbess saw how *that* Blest One
 Remembered His elect ; for, as she passed
 The lintel of the room, behold ! a vast

And sparkling glory had begun to dart,
 Out of the centre of the burning heart
 Of Him who stooped above the tiny bed,
 And laid His hand upon the suff'rer's head.

XII.

Was it a nimbus in the odorous air,
 Around the little leper's tangled hair?
 Was it a gust of heav'nly harmony?
 "O *Veni, Jesu ! Veni, Amor mi !*"

XIII.

The nervous limbs were decently composed,
 And all the waxen face supremely rosed
 With beauteous blushes ; the large, patient eyes
 Fixed in a joyous and most tender wise
 Upon the glorious Visage o'er her bent ;
 While one grand Voice throughout the chamber sent
 The chanted words, melodious and slow :

"Blessed are they that go
 Into the hidden life of prayer and pain,
 And there with Me upon the cross remain !
 True to the end, from creatures far apart,
 Locked in the sweet cloister of My Heart,
 They shall perfected be (in ways most hard
 To flesh and blood), as this sweet Lutigarde.

O, best beloved ! thou art near to Me,
 O, best beloved ! thou art dear to Me,
 Come to thy lover, little Lutigarde !"

* * * * *

XIV.

A blindness fell upon the Abbess. Lo !
 She felt a piercing wind across her blow,
 As if from open graves. A moaning wind,
 (Pathetic, yet most tenderly resigned),
 It filled the silent place. In mute alarm,
 She wakened with a hand upon her arm ;
 And, while the current from the corridor
 Fanned to a flare the taper that she bore,
 In trembling tones the infirmarian said,
 "Dear Mother, Sister Lutigarde is dead !"

THE DREAM OF PÈRE SYLVESTRE.

CHAPTER I.

PÈRE SYLVESTRE was the curé of the little village of St. Lys.

His was one of those pure, simple, holy natures that are found here and there in all countries and in all churches alike—the true shepherd of his flock, the friend and father of every man, woman, and child in the village that nestled among the hills of fair France. St. Lys was like a garden tended by the curé's hands, and in all that garden the fairest, sweetest flower was Lisbette Lamotte. Such a dainty little maiden !

Fatherless and motherless while yet a babe, she had been even nearer and dearer to the old priest's heart than any other of his flock. Lisbette lived in a tiny cottage at the corner of the street, near where the fountain splashed and trickled over the rocks ; ferns grew lovingly about the streamlet that came from the hills above, and bent their graceful fronds caressingly towards the rippling cascade that on a summer's day sparkled in the sunlight as though a shower of diamond dust was being scattered by some genie's hand, or an undine had dropped her silvery veil as she passed. It was a pretty sight to see the girl Lisbette filling her pitcher at this fountain, her fair hair curling in delicate tendrils about her brow, her little *sabots* peeping out from under her gray skirt, and her white bodice now and again adorned with a pale pink oleander blossom—a piece of natural coquetry born half of the knowledge that she was fair, half of a childish love of pretty things.

You may be sure the young men of St. Lys were not slow to see into what beautiful maidenhood the orphan child, the little soft pink ball of a baby that had been at once the

idol and plaything of the whole village, had grown.

And yet, strange to say, girls with far less real beauty than Lisbette had more lovers. There was a strange refinement about her that the simple villagers felt, and hardly understood ; she never lingered at the fountain to laugh and joke with the boys like other maidens, and would far sooner walk slowly through the still summer's evening to carry an offering of sweet veronica to Père Sylvestre as he sat reading his office-book under the shade of the oleander tree in his garden, of which the boundary was formed by a hedge of sweet-scented beans with lovely pale primrose-colored flowers.

Sometimes the good old priest thought to himself: "Lisbette will one day be the bride of heaven," but such thoughts he garnered up as yet in his own heart ; for the girl was young, and life was fresh and full of promise, and he knew that the heart that turns to God must turn of its own free will to the religious life as a flower turns to the sun ; must forego all lesser joys to bask in the light of His love, only because the very innermost heart acknowledges all other good to be as nothing compared with Him ; all earthly happiness as dross compared to the glory of toiling for our dear Lord among the poor, that are his heritage to the Church.

Old Mathilde, a dame of such advanced age that no one in St. Lys ventured to guess at the number of the years of her pilgrimage, lived with Lisbette in the cottage at the corner of the village street near the fountain. On a Sunday or a saint's day you might see her going to Mass, one withered hand resting on the girl's shoulder ; and where the road

made a sudden steep ascent to the church that stood half-way up the hill, Lisbette would slip her white arm round her aged companion, and in this fashion they would make the wearisome ascent.

In the evening Lisbette used to seek and drive home the four milk-white goats with tinkling bells about their necks, that formed an important part of Mathilde's worldly possessions, and were looked upon as a certain heritage for her adopted child.

St. Lys was a very primitive village, so far from the noisy centres of human life and progress that but faint echoes of the stir and bustle of great cities ever reached its peaceful nook among the hills.

When any one in St. Lys received a letter by the diligence, that once a week traversed the country and halted for an hour or two at the village *cabaret*, it was an event known to every one before an hour had passed, and the receiver of the missive put on a conscious air of importance as he or she walked to Mass on the following Sunday.

"Hast thou then heard how the good father hath received a letter, and that the child Lisbette is about to make the journey to the distant town of Mervaine-sur-mer, there to remain till after the holy Easter season?"

"Sainte Vierge!" replied the individual to whom this was addressed; "but what a terrible journey for one so young! Is not the child overcome by fear?"

"No," was the reply, "Lisbette is of a nature not at all timid. She goes to the sister of her mother, one Annette Bénédict, who hath never yet seen her, and would do so. It is rumored at church and market that she will make the child her adopted daughter, which will be good luck, for she is rich as they say—"

"Still," urged the other, "it is a marvel for one so young to make a journey of such proportions!"

Thus reasoned the neighbors; but the curé thought it well that Lisbette should visit her mother's people, and when the lumbering diligence, of which the harness was mended in so many places that it seemed to be formed wholly of rope, rumbled slowly away up the hill-road that led, as the peasants said, to where the good God only knew, Lisbette was bravely setting forth upon her journey. Her fair face, tearful as a dew-laden flower, looked back at the villagers assembled *en masse* to see her depart, and the last sight she carried away in her mind was that of the good curé standing a little apart from the rest very grave and sorrowful. His kindly, gentle eyes, his white hair under the broad shady hat, the stout stick on which he leaned, even the gleam of the little silver buckles on his shoes as they caught the sunlight—all remained a picture in her heart; she was leaving behind something the thought of which would guard her from all evil among the strange people she was going to. Just at the turn of the road she waved her hand—many voices called after her in friendly farewell, and then she could see St. Lys no more!

The pink tapering buds of the oleanders burst out into great blossoms that hung their heads as if overweighted with their own luscious perfume; the trees grew dense with fullness of foliage; the ferns became so tall they almost hid the leaping waterfall; green and gold lizards lay basking on the rocks and on the wall of the curé's garden, too deliciously warm and lazy to stir, even when he walked up and down the pathway pondering over his Sunday sermon; nay, they were even proof, these pretty shining creatures, against the *criard* voice of old Marie, who kept house for the good father, proclaiming in shrill accents that Monsieur le curé was served.

It is probable that if this faithful retainer had not summoned her mas-

ter to his frugal meals at all, the old man would never have thought of them himself, but simply wondered as night came on that he felt so weak and weary. So absent was he at times that it was told of him that on one cold day, when the wind swept down the village street and nipped the buds on the trees as cruel spiteful fingers might do, Marie, indisposed with a *migraine* that called for consultation with the wiseacres among her friends, forgot to light the charcoal stove in her master's room, and that he was seen gravely extending his chilly hands above the cold stove, and persistently trying to warm himself where no fire was, smiling gently at the idea of how infirmity and age were growing upon him apace, so that he could no longer derive his wonted comfort from the fire's warmth! Marie called on all the saints in the calendar to pardon this oversight on her part, and it was this vehement adjuration that first aroused her master to the real state of the case.

The hand of summer hung pretty garlands of flower and foliage all about St. Lys; the High Altar was bright and gay with fair sweet offerings from many a garden; but Père Sylvestre missed one simple figure that had been wont to kneel there with bowed head and meekly-folded hands, and his thoughts were often with the wandering lamb of his fold.

For as yet no news of Lisbette had reached the village, though she had now been absent from the church on the hillside for five Sundays, and the sixth was near.

Then an event happened. And this event became in time to come one of the marvellous records of St. Lys; for long after the good curé was laid to rest beneath the soft green turf where the lovely clematis was wont to shed perfumed tears of snowy petals on the dead, the folk would say: "Tell us of the dream of Père Sylvestre."

CHAPTER II.

THIS was Père Sylvestre's dream:

He thought he was in a strange country, and that all about him were dreary wastes of sterile plain.

In the far distance, almost like a speck so far away, he saw a figure moving towards him, and lo! it was Lisbette!

But what ailed the child?

Her face was lined and drawn as though years and years of pain had passed over her since the day when in the first young days of summer he had seen her looking back at him, tearful it may be, but if the eyes were wet, the little rosy mouth was smiling as she waved her hand at the turn of the road that hid St. Lys from sight.

This dream-figure was of Lisbette as the curé had never seen her. Lisbette, agonizing, weeping, wringing her hands, and then stretching them out towards him as though for help!

Poor little hands, that not even the hard household work extracted by Mère Mathilde could make anything save soft and tender, pink-palmed like a year-old baby's!

Père Sylvestre tried to move towards this pitiful little figure, but something held him back, and in the struggle against this power he awoke.

"Truly," said the good man to himself as he turned uneasily on his pillow, "I should think I had exceeded in partaking of some savory dish provided for me by my good Marie but that last night was Friday, and I had nothing but *soup-maigre* and simple bread."

Then he once more fell asleep.

But again the same sad *traum-bilder* came before him, and this time a dreadful murky mist seemed to brood upon the dreary waste, and the face of Lisbette, as she came toward him out of the shadowy darkness, was streaming with tears. He came nearer than before, so near that he fancied he could stretch out his hand and touch her.

But the same power held him back, and again the struggle against it wakened him. The night was very still and fair; the tender moonlight fell across the room and touched into heavenly beauty the features of the Mater Dolorosa upon the wall of the simple chamber.

"Holy Mother of God!" murmured the priest, crossing himself as he sat up in his narrow bed, "hath any evil thing befallen the child!"

For some time he lay awake muttering softly prayers for the wandering child. Then nature triumphed, and once more his eyes closed gently, and once more his regular breathing told that he was at rest.

At rest? Ah no! for more pitiful than ever the child Lisbette came to him on the dreary waste. This time a blood-red, lurid glow was all about, and as she held out her appealing hands, God of mercy! on the slender wrists were gyves of iron pressing cruelly into the tender flesh!

With a cry of pain the father woke. The night was past. In the east the day-dawn was shimmering,

"Breaking in lines of light across the sky,"

and the pure gray gleam fell upon the pathetic lines of the image of the Crucified over against the curé's bed.

"Dear Saviour!" he said, raising his eyes to the Divine face, "Thou who loved the little ones so well, if evil hath befallen the child guide me to her!"

When Marie took a peep at the new day through her window that was set in a frame of leaves and flowers, she saw her master already pacing up and down the garden, his head bent, his arms folded, his eyes on the ground.

"Dear saints! but it is beautiful to see him: without doubt he prays for the people!" said Marie as she popped her head in again, and began hurriedly to attend to her toilet.

But Père Sylvestre was pondering

on his dream, and that day Marie and the village in general were electrified by the marvellous news that the curé was going in the diligence to the distant village of Mervaine to seek the child Lisbette. A strange priest, brother of the notary of St. Lys, and at present paying a visit to the country to recruit health enfeebled by hard toil in a crowded city, would take charge of the church on the hill meanwhile. It was now midsummer, and summer, smiling goddess though she be, coming laden with flowers and fruits to deck the world with beauty, yet brings other less agreeable matters in her company to the sunny lands we are writing of. Of these, dust is perhaps one of the most unpleasant, and when the good priest reached the end of his journey he was sorely travel-stained, and weary enough besides. Then, too, he seldom left his nest, the little village in the hills, and there is something so depressing in finding oneself alone in a crowd, an unknown unit among strange scenes and strange people.

He inquired of a passer-by the road to the home of one Annette Bénéoit, a widow well to do, and living near the sea.

"Ah! but it is easy to find the way *there*, father," replied the man, "for was it not with Annette Bénéoit the strange maiden dwelt—the girl from St. Lys, who is to be tried for the murder of Antoine Martel, the week that even now comes?"

What more the man might have said remained unspoken, for with a faint gasping sigh the priest sank back and leaned against the rough stone wall that ran along between the village and the sea; his stick fell from his hand, and his face grew white as the silver hair that fell around it!

"But, my father, thou art ill; shall I not get a cup of water for thee?" said the man in great alarm. Then two other passers-by stayed to see what might be taking place, and

to the questions put by Père Sylvestre almost in a whisper, and coming from shaking pallid lips, all three made answer at once with vehement gesticulations after the manner of their countrymen.

As the curé recovered from the first paralyzing effects of the shock he had received, he began to gather up the thread of the triple discourse that flowed on in an uninterrupted torrent of words.

Lisbette was accused of murder ; Lisbette was in prison.

One Antoine Martel had seen and admired the maiden of St. Lys, and she had not looked upon him with favorable eyes. On a certain evening he and she had been seen together on the shore, high words had been heard to pass between them, and there was one witness who had seen Lisbette Lamotte clench her hand and stamp her little *sabot* in hot anger.

That evening the girl came home alone ; there was blood upon the bosom of her bodice, and upon her hand. A few hours later the body of Antoine Martel was found on the beach, lying where a little later the tide would have crept up and covered this record of a terrible crime, perhaps washed it out into the great open sea that tells no tales of secrets confided to its breast ! Martel was stabbed to the heart, and the blood-stained knife with which the deed was done lay beside his lifeless body.

Père Sylvestre listened to every word of this recital ; then he stood a moment bareheaded and with eyes raised heavenwards.

"My God, I thank thee !" he said solemnly, and then bowed his head, as though meekly receiving the cross now laid upon him.

"But art thou from this village of St. Lys, father, and knowest thou this wicked maiden ?" said one of the women who had now gathered about the little group.

"I am the curé of St. Lys ; I know the child Lisbette ; she is not a

wicked maiden, she is innocent of this crime ; and God will show you that she is so in his own good time."

"Holy Virgin ! but it is good to hear the father speak !" said another woman, gentler and more kindly-hearted, and who would fain believe that the accused was innocent.

"Come into my house and rest, and take some new milk and fresh bread," she went on, pitying the dusty, weary traveller ; but Père Sylvestre put her gently aside.

"God's blessing on thee and thine for thy charity ! but I must not rest or refresh myself yet awhile. Will you guide me to the prison ?" he added, turning to one of the men.

Of course a dozen offered ; indeed all followed him, and all talked without ceasing.

But the curé heard never a word they said.

The prison of Mervaine-sur-mer was not an imposing edifice ; it was but a common jail, used for the detention of ordinary offenders, yet now it had assumed dimensions of importance as the place where the girl charged with murder was imprisoned, and the place from whence she would be brought to the village court-house, accused by the public prosecutor, and tried before the judge after the fashion of the time and place.

But had this jail been the terrible Bastille itself, the sound of the key in the door, the echo of his own footsteps in the narrow stone corridor leading to the cells, could not have more appalled the heart of Père Sylvestre.

No one but he was admitted, so the procession that had escorted him thither lingered about the gateway, as though some extreme satisfaction were to be derived from staring through the bars, and entering for the hundredth time into every particular of the crime.

Then they departed to the village and spread the news everywhere that

the reverend father, the curé of St. Lys, had come to seek Lisbette Lamotte, and was even now in the prison with her.

There were kind hearts that rejoiced to know the girl had one friend near in the terrible days that had come upon her; but even the kindest felt that strange pleasure in the excitement and thrill of the whole affair, so characteristic of the French people, and every one looked forward to the trial with delight, secret or avowed.

The arrival of the priest was looked upon as an added feature of interest in the tragedy; and one old woman, with a quaint appreciation of the picturesque position of affairs, remarked: "It is of a marvellous completeness that the good father should arrive! It is as a story one might read!"

Annette Bénédict revelled meanwhile in the notoriety that the coming trial brought her into.

"True," said she, "she grieved for the girl, so young and so unhappy; but Ciel! what would you? Lisbette, no doubt, had evil passions as others have, though her face was so fair to look upon."

Annette pitied herself, however, as being disgraced by such a relative. She pitied herself noisily, vehemently, ceaselessly; she moaned and wailed, and called upon the neighbors to feel for her, and pity her; and wrung her thin brown hands until, truth to say, people got rather tired.

She did all these things, but one thing she never did.

She never visited Lisbette in prison.

"Doubtless," said one neighbor, willing to curry favor with Annette in hopes of hearing every possible particular of the affair, "the good father will come and console thee, neighbor, in thy trouble?"

But Père Sylvestre had little thought of coming to console Annette Bénédict.

When the jailer unlocked the door of Lisbette's cell, and bade the priest enter, the poor child was sitting on the side of a low pallet beneath the grated window, her hands were clasped, her eyes were dull and glazed as though they saw nothing; but as the curé advanced into the light of the window, as she heard his voice speak her name and saw the yearning pity in his face, she gave a quick glad cry, and fell prone at his feet, clasping them with the poor little hands that were encircled by cruel gyves, as he had seen them in his dream!

He raised her tenderly from the ground, he spoke calmly of all that had befallen her, and, in ministering to this poor troubled spirit, he forgot his own weariness and hunger. He told her that he was God-sent in her sorrow by a strange dream of her pain; and then, when the poor child grew quiet and seemed to gain new courage from every word uttered by the dear familiar voice, he drew from her all the pitiful story.

The priest of God knew that the child of his spiritual care was innocent, but he saw that this innocence would be very hard to prove.

In those days, now long past, the investigation of crime and the meting out of justice were not what they are now; often the innocent suffered for the guilty; and, because he knew all this, Père Sylvestre would not buoy the girl's soul up with false hopes, but rather led her to try and feel that though her tender body might be given over to the executioner's hand, her soul would be given to God, and soon, in the rest and peace of paradise, earth's pains and sorrows would seem but as the phantoms of a dream.

As Lisbette listened, her troubled heart grew calm, even as the waters of Galilee sank to rest at the words of that Divine Master, in whose sacred footsteps his anointed servant now followed, sustaining the sorrowful, and comforting the heavy laden.

"I must leave thee now, child," said the curé; "I have to seek a lodging for the night; kneel while I bless thee in thy sorrow and humiliation, as I have done so often in the days of thy joy."

But Lisbette held up her hands, and looked in his face with great sorrowful eyes.

"Father, ask them to take them off," she said, touching the fetters with impatient fingers. "I cannot run away—why then should they chain me like this? and they hurt me so!"

He turned away for a moment, and then said in that quiet slow voice that always tells of emotion held down by an iron will: "Child, hast thou in thy bosom the crucifix I gave thee on the day of thy first communion?"

Lisbette made a gesture of assent.

"Draw it forth: let thine eyes grow to it; reflect if the pain of thy poor bonds is aught to the agony of the nails that pierced thy Saviour's hands; remember that for thy sins and mine he bore the anguish, then shall thine own seem light!"

With hot tears rolling swiftly down her poor changed face, Lisbette kissed the image of the Redeemer, and, flinging herself upon her knees on the cold floor of the prison, cried in her pain: "By thy five wounds that bled for me, O Jesus, grant me patience now!"

As she thus knelt and wept and prayed, the curé laid his hand upon her bowed head; she heard him murmur a benediction, and when she looked up, the door through which he had passed was just closing.

CHAPTER III.

ONE day followed another, and the trial drew on apace.

Daily Père Sylvestre visited Lisbette in the prison, and with some difficulty he obtained permission to

be with her and by her at the time of her trial.

When he was not with Lisbette, he might be seen kneeling before the altar in one of the churches of the town, pleading ceaselessly that help might be sent to his child in her sore need; pleading in the very presence of Christ himself, for the poor stricken, hunted lamb of his fold!

The people used to steal in softly to look at the curé's kneeling figure; the priests of Mervaine urged upon him that he was overtaking his already feeble strength, represented to him that his years and infirmities called for some relaxation and repose, and that after saying his early Mass he should take rest and refreshment. But he heeded not, and with fast and vigil and prayer, besieged heaven for succor for the child of his love and care. Some one had slain Antoine Martel. Some hand had driven home the knife to his heart; the bloodstained knife that the sea itself had refused to wash clean; for it had been found at the very edge of the tide-mark, yet unwet!

Whose, then, was the guilty hand? Père Sylvestre prayed that the heart of the murderer might be softened, and a full confession at length save Lisbette.

The morning of the trial dawned.

The priest watched the sun rise; his aged limbs had known no repose through all the weary night before. Hour after hour he had knelt before the unshaded window, looking up to the quiet stars, shining in those dark, clear, purple skies, that all who have been in those countries know and love so well. The stars had faded in the day-dawn, and the hour was coming on apace when Lisbette must stand before a terrible crowd of curious, eager faces—a crowd seeming as though all made of eyes, staring at that one slight, pitiful centre figure!

Hours before the trial began every

nook and corner of the court-house was crowded; here and there the shrill voices of the women made a tumult as they fought for places; their high white-winged caps fluttered everywhere, and now and again the officials of the court had to interfere, and deal out a justice somewhat rough-handed. People clambered into apparently impossible places, and seemed to hold on to nothing in marvellous fashion.

Still an eager crowd swarmed about the doors, and on the pavement sundry *mauvais sujets* consoled themselves for their failure in getting places to see this thrilling drama of life and death, by playing *baccaret* with filthy cards and filthier fingers, while an interested group of spectators gathered round each set of players.

It was a sort of *festa* for Mervaine-sur-mer this trial, and if you could not have one sort of amusement, why, *voilà!* you must console yourself with another!

When Lisbette—poor, pale, shrinking Lisbette, came into the court, and by her side the venerable figure of the priest, a *tressaillement* went through the densely packed crowd, and tears were shed by the women; but more, it is to be feared, of excitement than of pity; for Antoine Martel, though a wild devil-may-care sort of fellow, had been a popular favorite with the townspeople of Mervaine. He was as handsome as a young Adonis, supple of form, dark-eyed, slender, could play the mandoline, and sing your heart out of your breast!

What if Theophile Le Moine's young sister came to shame, and died in some distant city, whither she had fled to hide herself from the eyes of her kinsfolks—girls are so bold—what would you?

You may blame a woman for a fall like that; hound her from the ranks of decent people, trample her under foot—pass her by—but a man! *Basta!* that is so different! Also,

he was a grand sight to see, this *beau garçon*, this dark-eyed young sailor—dressed in his best at a *festa*—mind you that! There are few such men to look at nowadays! Thus reasoned Mervaine.

Where then should pity be found for Lisbette! Into the details of the trial I shall not enter, let it suffice to say that the law took its course—not always in those days a very straight course either!

The story of the murder ran plainly enough; and as the public prosecutor proceeded, the prejudice against the girl deepened and strengthened in the minds of the people. Other causes too had helped to make Lisbette unpopular even before this tragedy occurred. The maidens had been jealous, in that their lovers were ready to desert them to linger about the street near Annette Bénédict's door, in the hopes of catching a glimpse of the violet-eyed maid from the village two days journey across the hills. These attentions Lisbette did not receive in a gracious spirit, and at this the inconsistent ones were again angered.

"*Elle se donne des airs,*" said they; it was insupportable that she should do so!

The trial proceeded.

Slowly and distinctly the voice of the prosecutor told of that fatal meeting on the shore—the high words that had been overheard—how one witness had peeped slyly round a rock, and seen Lisbette Lamotte clench her hand, and stamp her *sabot* in hot anger, at Antoine standing by, black and sullen.

Then he spoke of the blood seen on the girl's bodice and on her hand that night.

"True," he urged, "it might be said that the accused made no effort to hide these stains; but, then, terror succeeds to crime committed in a moment of passion, and terror stupefies." Of what motives this murder was the offspring the accused herself only could tell—he owned

this to be a mystery ; still, the body of Antoine Martel was found on the shore, and the knife by the edge of the sea. "Providence," continued the prosecutor, "who watches over the affairs of men, hath so ordered it that this wicked woman should be brought to justice!"

When he said this he pointed with one hand to the round window in the roof of the court, and then closed his eyes and shook his head, as though his own eloquence was almost too much for him.

"*Ciel, que c'est beau!*" ejaculated one and another of the audience.

But to Lisbette it seemed as though they must be denouncing some one else in so terrible a manner. Surely it could not be Lisbette! Lisbette, who had so short a time before knelt at the altar of the little church on the hillside. Lisbette, whom the good father had blessed but that very morning!

And watchful eyes saw her increased distress, and fed upon it; but Père Sylvestre took gently in his own the little restless hand that worked and twitched with nervous fear, and guided it to the rosary that hung from the girdle of her peasant's dress; thus silently he counselled the troubled heart to take refuge and seek fortitude in prayer. What a fearful interest, what a horrible fascination had Lisbette's supple swaying figure and tress-laden head for the surging crowd about her!

That wave of blood and anguish that was to sweep across fair France in dread '93, and bring with it the terrible guillotine, was yet to come at the time we write of; but still death at the executioner's hands was a fearful thing.

If the verdict was "guilty," the girl would be torn, perhaps shrieking, who knows, from the hands that would fain hold her back; her slender arms would be pinioned; she would be taken in the tax-cart to a neighboring town more than twice as large as Mervaine; those soft

curling tresses would be severed by the executioner's own hand; that graceful head would fall beneath the cruel axe!

"*Dieu, que c'est interessante,*" gasped a shrivelled brown hag, as she thought of these things.

"But will she be permitted to speak?" asked another, her eyes almost starting out of her head with excitement as she spoke.

This question answered itself a moment later, as Lisbette rose to the call of the judge, and came forward to the front of the prisoner's box.

She leaned forward, deathly pale; her great eyes, distended with terror, gazed at the faces of her accusers.

The curé's head sank low upon his breast; his lips moved in secret prayer. For what other weapon had he wherewith to defend the child?

Silence reigned for a short space; such a silence as that in which a man's sigh, or a woman's sob would pierce the ear like a cry.

Then the prisoner spoke:

"I am innocent—I am innocent of this crime! I know not how the man Antoine Martel came by his death; these hands of mine are innocent!" and she held up her poor little fettered wrists.

"You do not, however, deny that you quarrelled with the murdered man?" said the ever-pitiless voice of the prosecutor.

"I deny nothing that is true," replied Lisbette, gathering calmness and courage in her desperate need. "I *did* quarrel with him; he was a bad man; he had a black heart; he followed me to the shore, and spoke words no honest man should say, no honest maiden listen to," and up flew the hot blood to her cheek, and her eyes flashed like diamonds in the sunlight.

Then the men marvelled at her beauty, and thought of the pity it was that so fair a head should be taken off; but the women's sympathy was still with the murdered man.

"*Ciel, si beau garçon!* and to die like a *cochon!*"

"But the blood on your bodice, and on your hand, how came it there?"

"It was evening, sir, and the evil birds of prey are out then; a cruel hawk swooped down upon a linnet, but I scared it with my kerchief, and the linnet fell fluttering at my feet. I laid it against my bosom, but its wing was torn, and its eyes looked like those of Melanie's little baby when it lay dying on my lap. Soon I saw the poor bird was dead, and I laid it down on the soft grass that grows above the rocks. That was how the blood came upon my bodice."

Her clasped hands fell in front of her; the light had faded from her eyes—the poor, sad, tear-dimmed eyes that used to be like those of a happy, trusting child.

Père Sylvestre looked in the face of the judge, but alas! what he sought for, pity and credence, were not there.

The judge did not believe Lisbette.

Her admission of the insult offered by the murdered man had been fatal, and a murmur of wonder at the girl's cunning ran through the crowd.

A subtle sense of the fact that she was losing ground in the minds of her accusers was now borne in upon the girl's soul; she grew paler than ever, and when she tried to speak her voice failed, but making one supreme effort, she turned in passionate appeal to the only human being she had to cling to in that vast assemblage:

"Father!" she cried, "tell them that I am innocent; tell them that never yet had I to confess to thee a lie; maybe they will hear *thy* voice!"

But the curé was silent.

Full well he knew that the law, and righteously, would not permit him to use his knowledge of Lisbette as her spiritual guide to plead for her or proclaim her innocence.

Deserted then, as it seemed, by all earthly powers, the poor child appealed in her agony to heaven.

She stretched her arms upwards to the God who hears the cry of the oppressed, and her voice was filled with an awful anguish as it rung through the crowded court: "My God! thou knowest I am innocent!"

CHAPTER IV.

"God and our Lady help us, but the girl is surely dead!" cried one to another, as a still white face lay back on the curé's arm, and for the time being Lisbette was at rest from sorrow.

"Give her air!" cried the priest, "she faints! her life fails!"

"But how can that be, to give her air in this crowd, my father?" answered one of those nearest to the prisoner.

And while thus Père Sylvestre gazed with troubled eyes at the white upturned face, the terrible semblance of death upon it, a strange tumult, the sound of wild cries, a rush and stir of many feet, became audible outside the building.

Then the packed assembly surged and swayed and rolled from side to side like a troubled sea, and a man with starting eyes, bareheaded, disordered in dress as if by hasty travel, made his way, where a few moments before one would have said to force a passage was a miracle. He seemed to cleave the people aside as he fought and struggled through their ranks as a mower cuts down the blades of corn with his sickle, and at last he stood beside those two pitiful figures that formed the centre of the scene.

With uplifted arms he claimed a hearing from the judge, and, pointing to the insensible form of the girl who lay as one slain by the cruel hand of calumny, he cried in a voice hoarse with an excitement that touched on madness: "Would you slay the innocent? I—I only am guilty. I—I only am the mur-

derer of Antoine Martel! *This* hand drove the knife into his heart! I knelt upon his breast and looked into his eyes until he knew me for Theophile Le Moine—knew me for the avenger of my sister's shame!"

Triumph, wild and cruel triumph was in the murderer's eyes and voice; he seemed to glory in the deed that had rid the world of a villain.

A silence like the silence of death had reigned while he spoke, but now the sound of countless voices, raised in wild debate and exclamation, drowned the answer of the judge. Yet amid all the tumult Lisbette lay still and white, the violet eyes never unclosed, the little shell-like ears did not hear.

Once more the murderer spoke. He had been asked why he had let the innocent girl be arrested for his crime; why he had so long delayed his confession. "Love of life is strong in a man's heart," said the clear, deep voice of Le Moine; "when the deed is done, then one thinks of the penalty. The fishing-boats were going out in the early morning, mine among the rest; I knew no one could have aught to say at my departure, and that I might escape, for my boat is sure and good; there are other countries in the world than France, and it would have been thought that I was lost, but in the nighttime, as I lay under the quiet heaven, I bethought me of the little maiden arrested for my crime. Perhaps God stirred the thought within me, who knows? that she had a look reminding me of my little Babette, my dear one that was stolen away from my home while I was at sea; I alone am guilty; I alone shall suffer; but she—what hath she done?—and now, behold, I am here to give my life for my crime!"

Then they carried Lisbette from the crowded court, lifting her high above the people's heads. Twenty willing hands were ready to aid in bearing aloft that still form, from which the shackled hands hung life-

lessly down; a hundred voices rejoiced in her safety and deliverance, for now the public mind had veered like the wind on an autumn day, and yielding to their impulsive, national character, the people were ready to make of Lisbette a martyr and a saint. They laid her on the soft grass in the court-yard, and some kindly woman's hand unloosed the white bodice about her throat, while another laved her pallid face with fresh spring water.

At last, like opening flowers, the violet eyes unclosed; a faint color returned to her cheeks and lips, and Lisbette sat up and gazed at the people about her, a crowd in which the tall white caps of the women were conspicuous, for the men, with native chivalry of feeling, had retired to the background and let the women close around.

The dark figure of Père Sylvestre knelt beside Lisbette, and her eyes sought his face with wild appeal, as the cruel recognition of all around her came back to her poor confused brain, and filled her with a fresh terror.

"Am I to die, father?" she said. "Why have they brought me here?"

Then the people kept silent, and the curé told her gently, for joy kills as well as pain sometimes, of the marvellous mercy God had meted out to her, and how she was acquitted by the tribunal, and once more known by men as the innocent maiden of St. Lys.

"Father, it was the dear Saviour who heard your prayers," she said, folding her hands, and smiling softly to see that the iron bands were there no longer; she was strangely calm and quiet, hushed into stillness by the nearness of God's hand over her.

Soon a frantic figure burst through the crowd, and would have precipitated itself upon Lisbette's neck, for Annette had heard the news, and Lisbette, innocent and a heroine, must be at once claimed as a dear relative, though Lisbette, a prisoner,

and held in detestation by the little world of Mervaine, was to be avoided, and (had it been possible) disowned!

But the girl shrank from the proffered embrace. Misfortune brings out the truth and the falsehood of the love that is given to us, as the hand of the cutter lays bare the flaw in the jewel.

"Take me back to St. Lys, my

father!" said Lisbette, slipping her hand into that of the curé. "I will never leave it more."

So the good priest took his child home to the village among the hills, and a *festa* was held in honor of their return; and still far and near the people told each other the marvellous story of the Dream of Père Sylvestre.

LIBRARY OF GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.

THE college library occupies a room on the main floor at the western extremity of the northernmost of the two college buildings. The structure in which it is placed was erected in the last century, but was only completely fitted up about the year 1806. Even then the library was not placed here, but occupied a room in the south building. The present library-room was used as a study-hall until about the year 1830, when it was prepared for its present purpose and the books were removed into it. The main room is 23 by 33 feet, and connected with it is an octagonal room in one of the two towers which form buttresses to the building on the north side. The space was thought ample at first, but the gradual increase of the library has made it necessary to occupy two smaller rooms at the eastern extremity, second floor of the same building, besides three other rooms in the attic of the south building, which contain duplicates, broken sets, old breviaries and miscels, works on law and medicine, novels, translations, bound volumes of large newspapers, unbound pamphlets, congressional reports, and school books. Thus the library,

like some other departments of the college, stands greatly in need of increased space in order to bring all its collections together.

In the library-room two projections on each side form alcoves of the intervening spaces. The two upper shelves of these projections are carried across to meet those opposite, and are supported by wooden columns painted to imitate Brazilwood, resting on bases of mahogany and curled maple. Thirty-one pilasters of Brazilwood form the angles of the cases or separate the compartments, and likewise rest on mahogany and maple bases. The Brazilwood used was a present from a former student, a South American. Two wide and very long tables, on which books may be displayed, occupy sides of the room. On one of these tables is a large show-case containing the more remarkable manuscripts, the oldest books, etc., so that these objects can be viewed without being handled. Open shelves, eleven in number, run up to the ceiling, twelve feet in height, or to the cornice under it. The height of the upper shelves is such that they cannot be reached without a ladder, which is a great inconvenience.

nience, and the projections of the pilasters form dark corners on every shelf, so that convenience has been sacrificed to a fine appearance. A small locked room in one corner of the library-room formerly contained translations and other confiscated books. These have now been replaced by the large number of ancient books, which are rather objects of curiosity than valuable as references. Two windows to the south give the principal light to the room, but the middle alcoves are generally more or less obscured. Panels in the jambs of the four windows are set with engraved copies of Raphael's frescos. In one of the two upper rooms, previously referred to, are kept the ascetical and catechetical works, and Catholic journals, bound and unbound. In the other one are the works on the fine arts and antiquities, on science, on canon law and councils, and works on the pastoral office. It is needless to observe that when the college builds, the defects of the present library, in the matter of space and convenience, will be remedied, and the books will be sheltered all together in a fire-proof building. A considerable number of astronomical and scientific works occupy shelves in the observatory, distant a quarter of a mile from the college, and separated from it by a deep valley. The more modern works on English and foreign literature, and the books of reference, occupy the room of the prefect of studies. Each professor is also provided in his own room with all the books he may need for use or reference in the course of the year, so that the works constituting the library are scattered all over the premises. Hence the difficulty even of enumerating them, since the exigencies of the house are such that no one can be spared to occupy himself exclusively with the library.

The books are grouped according to subjects, so far as the disproportionate space required for the theo-

logical folios will permit. In the main library these divisions are under the head of bibles and biblical literature, controversy by Catholic authors, Christian ethics by the same, non-Catholic writers on religion, Catholic theology, Catholic sermons, travels, and sketches, Catholic religious biography, general biography, classical literature, English literature, encyclopedias, British literary magazines, natural science, profane history, ecclesiastical history, French literature, Spanish literature, Italian literature, modern Latin essayists and poets (about 150 vols.), mental philosophy, journals of learned societies, works of the fathers of the Church, bibliography and educational works. In the rearrangement of the library, which took place about six years ago, wherever a sufficient number of books were found to form a specialty, they were given a place by themselves, not all these specialties being named above. In the principal divisions there are subdivisions, and the shelves marked, for instance under history, are general history, ancient history, modern history, American, Italian, and Irish history, chronology, and historical essays. It was the intention of the librarian to prepare a new catalogue, arranged under the head of subjects, but other duties devolving upon him the work was not even begun.

The principal manuscripts preserved in the library are as follows: Monastic prayer-book written on vellum, with miniatures the size of the page, a decorated border to every page, and initial letters in colors and gold; was damaged by water before it came into the possession of the college, and the pictures are consequently much injured; attributed to the thirteenth century. An *Epistolarium* (the epistles of the ecclesiastical year) written on vellum in very large text, the headings of the epistles and some of the initials in brilliant gold, the other initials ele-

gantly done in colors, with much delicate tracery proceeding from them. The book seems not to have been completed, as the space for the grand initial letter is not occupied, and the last page is not filled out; assigned to the fourteenth century. *Horæ Diurnæ*, small, on vellum; the principal capitals are alternately red and blue, with elegant tracery frequently running from them down the margin of the page. The initial letter has the appearance of being embossed. No date assigned. There is another monastic prayer-book written on vellum, with music for the chants. Some of the pages are surrounded by a rich margin in gold and colors, the initials are brilliantly illuminated, a small miniature of King David with his harp occupying the first place; attributed to the fifteenth century. *Ordo Cæmoniarum in Vestitione Novitiorum Canoniorum Regular. S. Augustini*, a modern work, probably of the last century, but remarkable for the beauty of the lettering and the brilliancy of the gold border around each page. *Relationes Patrum Soc. Jesu Missionariorum in America Septentrionale et China*, a book of original letters written by Jesuit missionaries in China and South America, 1676 to 1682. *Manifesto al Mundo de Augustin de Yturvide*, a manuscript written by the Emperor Iturbide, and signed by his hand a few days before his overthrow in 1823. Manuscript in old French, explanation of the Creed, etc., headings and capitals written in red. Manuscript in the Irish character, doctrinal and religious tracts, considerably time-stained, chiefly extracts from the historian Geoffry Keating; another Irish manuscript in parchment cover, like a wallet, a kind of portable miscellany. A manuscript in the Siamese language, written on both sides of heavy paper, folded; length of the sheet when opened about six feet. A small book of extracts from the Koran,

written in Arabic, found on the body of a Tripolitan sailor at the time of Decatur's assault; presented by Mrs. Decatur. Manuscript theology, by Rev. John Carroll, afterwards founder of Georgetown College, and first Archbishop of Baltimore, probably the notes of his theological course at Liège, 1755 and 1759. Prayers, etc., in the Penobscot language, a book prepared by Rev. — Romagné, Catholic pastor of those Indians in 1804, and for many years thereafter. Manuscript catalogue of the Society of Jesus in the province of New Spain, 1744, with title-page fancifully executed in gilding and colors. Besides these there are other manuscripts not sufficiently remarkable to be added to a list already long. Some of them are theological. One is a kind of "commonplace book," English extracts, about two hundred years old.

Of early printed books, the library possesses the *Liber Etymologiarum* of St. Isidore, Bishop of Seville, printed at Augsburg in 1472 (twenty years before the discovery of America); *Tractatus de Vitiis*, by William, Bishop of Lyons, 1473; *Explanations of the Gospels of the Year*, by Albert of Padua, Venice, 1476; *Pandects of Justinian*, with Commentary, Venice, 1477; *Summa S. Thomæ*, first part of second book, complete in itself; initial letter curiously painted, Venice, 1478.

Biblia Sacra, the entire Bible, with St. Jerome's prologues to each book, with elaborate initial letter, 1479. Another Latin Bible, with many ancient manuscript annotations on margin, Venice, 1479; *Commentary of Paul de Castro on the first part of the Pandects of Justinian*. Attached to the wooden cover is the original chain and staple with which the book was secured to its desk, in some court of law, evidently as a book of general reference, Bologna, 1483; *Tractatus de Horis Canonis*, by John Moschius,

1483; *Roberti Holkot, Super Sapientiam Salomonis*, Spire, 1483; *Laureritii Bonincontrii Miniatusensis Commentarius in L. Maniliam*, Rome, 1484; *S. Hieronymi Vitæ S. S. Patrum*, 1485; *Biblia Sacra*, with commentaries by De Lyrd, first of five volumes, and therefore incomplete, 1485 (supposed); *Gulielmi Miniatusensis Episcopi, Rationale Divin, Officionen*, Argentinae (Strasburg), 1486; *Sermones Pomerii de Themasvax*, 1489; *Pomerii Sermorum, De Sanctis*, 2 vols., 1489; *Expositio Hymnorum* (Hymns of the Breviary), quaint woodcut for title-page, Haguenau, 1493; *Lactantii Opera*, Venice, 1493; *S. Augustini de Doctrina Christiana*, Basle, 1493; the 15 books of *Euclid*, geometrical figures printed in margin, Bologna, 1494; *Bæthius de Disciplina Scholarium*, Strasburg, 1494; Nicolai de Polonia, *Sermones*, Strasburg, 1495; *Liber Dialogorum Sanctii Gregorii Papæ*, Basle, 1496; *Expositio Beati Gregorii Papæ Super Cantica Cantorum*, Basle, 1496; *Epistolæ Eneæ Silvii*, Nuremberg, 1496; *Sermones Sancti Bonaventuræ*, Haguenau, 1496; *Mariale Bernardini de Bustis*, Strasburg, 1496; *Malleus Mallificarum*, Nuremberg, 1496; Nicholas de Lyra's *Commentaries on Scripture*, six volumes, Basle, 1498; *Opera Agricolationum Coturnellæ*, etc., "*Scrip. R. R. Regium*," on back, 1498; *Rosella Casuum*, Baptista Provamallæ, Venice, 1499. Making thirty-seven volumes printed prior to 1500. In many the capitals are put in by hand, in red or blue colors. In some the leading initials are elaborate. A few are in the original binding. Of works printed between 1500 and 1599, including both those years, there are two hundred and sixty-eight volumes, perhaps more. Of English books in black letter, there are only three, a Catholic prayer-book of the reign of Queen Mary; *The Primer in Latin and English*, London, 1555; Stow's *Survey of London*, 1618; and *The Miserere*

Explained, without title-page or date. There are a number of other books, curious for their subjects or their execution, or on account of the associations connected with them, for instance, works on magic and emblems, Pyne's *Horace*, two volumes, each page a copper-plate, published by subscription in 1737 for fifty pounds; a small missal used by Archbishop Carroll on his missions, an old German Bible once belonging to a Lutheran minister in Western Virginia, that had been buried during an invasion by Indians, etc.

The department of Bibles and commentaries contains copies of the Scriptures, or of portions of them, in many languages. Walton's great work, and other polyglots, Calmet's, Carrière's, Genonde's, Rondet's, Martini's, Buthier's, and De Sacy's Bibles, each in numerous volumes, Luther's and Calvin's Bibles, Cardinal Mai's *Codex Vaticanus*, in five large quartos, Tischendorf's *Codex Frederico-Augustanus*, Latin *Vulgates*, of all styles, English Bibles, Catholic and Protestant; editions of the former from that of Douay, 1610, to the latest splendid New York quarto, commentaries, concordances, Bible controversies, Bible histories, lexicons, etc. Among the curious books of this department is Schenzeri's *Physica Sacra*, six vols., in Dutch, Amsterdam, 1735, and profusely illustrated.

The department of ecclesiastical history contains works by many authors, from Eusebius down. The more voluminous sets are those of Natalis Alexander, Orsi, Becchetti, Fleury, Berrault, Bercastel, Tillemont, and Stolberg. Of histories covering shorter periods there is the *Histoire de l'Eglise Gallicane*, in many volumes, Pallavicini's, and other histories of the Council of Trent, a set of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*, publications of the French Society of the Propagation of the Faith. In ecclesiastical antiquities, Josephus in several lan-

guages and editions, Griffith, Lingard, Nardi, Marchi, and others. Also, histories and accounts of religious orders; the ecclesiastical annals of Baronius and his continuators, in numerous folios, and an elegant modern work in several volumes, the *Ecclesiastical History of Scotland*.

In theology, besides St. Thomas Aquinas, and his commentators, a series of works that make a small library in themselves; there are the works of Petavius, Sanchez, Layman, Lacroix, Gardie, Charmes, Sardagna, Liuri, Perrone, Antoine, Collet, Billuart, Kenrick, and many other writers on dogma and moral, besides the complete works of Albertus Magnus, 21 folios, Suarez, A. Lapide, Benedict XIV, Bossuet, Fenelon, Statler, Ghorel, Ferrari, Segueri, De Maistre, Gother, Bonald, England, Gretsén (17 folios), etc. So far as some of these works are miscellaneous in character, they occupy a place apart, with the Catholic encyclopedias, such as Morbré's, the Abbé Glaire's *Encyclopedie Catholique*, in 21 volumes, etc. Non-Catholic writers on religion, Luther, Calvin, Lardner, Leibnitz, Hooker, Hall, Wilson, Swedenborg, and others, have a compartment to themselves.

In civil history, among the folios, are Rymer's *Fœdera*, 17 vols., *Thurani Hist. Sui Temporis*, 7 vols., *American Archives*, 8 vols. Books of less dimension are Schoolcraft's *Indian Tribes*, 8 vols., *Revolution Française*, 38 vols., Mariana, *Historia de España*, 13 vols, Muratori, *Annali d'Italia*, 16 vols., *Pennsylvania Colonial Records*, 16 vols., and eleven more of *Pennsylvania Archives*, the series of *American Diplomatic Correspondence*, Charlevoix's *New France*, 6 vols., *Rapin*, 10 vols., *Œuvres de Rollin*, 60 vols., *Lingard*, 8 vols., and a French *History of France*, in many volumes, a voluminous English publication on Ancient History, followed by Modern, and

an equally extensive work on Universal History, a collection of works on Chronology, etc. In another place is kept a small collection of histories of cities, including five folio volumes *Histoire de Paris*, Maitland's *London*, 2 folios, etc.

The collection of Catholic sermons is very extensive, embracing works in English, French, Latin, Italian, and German. The more voluminous are Bourdaloue, Massillon, Brydane, De la Columbière, Bossuet, Fenelon, L'Enfant, Vieira, Oliva, and Le Jeune. There are also several copies of the *Bibliothèque des Prédicateurs*, in which every subject of a sermon is illustrated by quotations from Scripture, the Fathers, etc. A collection of portable editions of the works of the Fathers, chiefly sermons, is kept apart from the above. The folio editions of the Fathers are also together in another place; embracing the numerous volumes of the *Bibliotheca Patrum* (not complete), *St. John Chrysostom*, 13 vols., *St. Augustin*, 7 vols., and the other Fathers and Doctors of the Church.

The other department of religious works are, first, religious biography, including the vast work of the Bollandists, begun in 1643, and still in course of completion, the *Oratorian Lives of the Saints*, as well as Butler's well-known work, lives of devout persons not canonized, biographies of ecclesiastics, a collection of martyrologies, lives of the Popes, by several authors, and the curious works of Tanner, describing the labors and martyrdoms of the Jesuits; secondly, controversial works by Catholic authors, from the ponderous tomes of Bellarmine to the pamphlet of a few pages, and including many on each of the shifting controversies of the last three centuries; thirdly, works by Catholic authors against deism, infidelity, etc.; fourthly, catechetical works, from those in numerous volumes, by Gaume, Duclos, Pouget, Grenada, Charancy, Anonims, Segneri, and

others, to the handbooks for popular use; fifthly, ascetical works, or books of piety, embracing collections of meditations by many authors, and some in numerous volumes, the devotional writings of Luis de Grenada, Jean d'Avila, St. Theresa, St. Augustin, Drexel, Bellocius, Rodriguez, Da Porte, Bourdaloue, Fenelon, St. Francis de Sales, Drusbeck, Chaloner, St. Jure, Gother, Faber, Houet, Segneri, and countless others, a collection of works on spiritual retreats, a large number of editions of Thomas-a-Kempis in various languages, another of special devotions, prayer-books, etc.; sixthly, Catholic periodicals, including the earlier issues of American Catholic weeklies, *L'Ami de la Religion* for a long series of years, the *Civiltà Catholica*, *Dublin Review*, *Brownson's United States Catholic Magazine*, *Catholic World*, *Actæ Sanctæ Sedis*, etc.; seventhly, a collection of works for the use of pastors, the nature of which may be gathered from a few titles taken at random: *Instruction Pastorale*, *Methode des Parvoisses*, *Miroir du Clergè*, *Devoirs de Ecclesiastiques*, *Manuale Ordinandorum*, etc.; eighthly, works on canon law and councils, viz.: Labbei, *Collectio Conciliorum*, 47 folios; the Bullarium Romanum, *Le Concile Œcumenique du Vatican*, 8 splendid folios recently issued, works by Benedict XIV, Gratian, Zamboni, Reiffeustuel, Swar, Pichler, Pignatelli, etc.; ninthly, liturgical works, such as *Decreta Cong. Sacr. Rituum*, explanatory works on ritual, Picart's seven curious volumes on the *Religious Ceremonies of all Nations*, graduals, rituals, antiphonals, ceremonials, processions, vespers, pontificals, etc.

The collection of works on antiquities and the fine arts is deserving of special mention, embracing as it does some rare and costly works, such as the *Muses Florentino*, 10 folio vols., Kingsborough's *Mexican Antiquities*, 8 folios, the *Cathedrale du Bourges*, Hogarth, and other

works of the like dimensions and importance. Ledoux's *Architectural History and Antiquities of Westminster Abbey*, works on the monuments and edifices of ancient and modern Rome, Pisa, and other cities, *The-saurus Antiquitatum Italia*, 6 folios, *Monde Primitif*, 9 vols., two works of Marcelli on epigraphs, 9 vols., Jones's *Dissertations*, 7 vols., works of Visconti, 15 vols., besides those of Muraton, Winckelman, Hope, Layard, Laws, Baldinucci, Milizia, and others.

The series of publications by learned societies embraces the *Journal de Luxembourg*, 1774 to 1794, 67 vols., the *Acta Eruditorum*, 1682 to 1767, filling three long shelves, the *Memoirs de Trevoux*, 1701 to 1775, filling eight shelves of similar length, the *Bulletin de Bruxelles*, *Memoirs de l'Academie Royale*, Smithsonian publications, etc. To these are to be added other scientific publications, issued annually or oftener.

The collection of mathematical works is extensive, though many of them belong to a past order. Those on the sciences are interesting and valuable, and care is taken to keep up with the demands of the day. Zoology, geology, mineralogy, botany, conchology, ornithology, etc., are represented by works of repute, Wilson's and Audubon's smaller work being among the latter. Voluminous editions of Buffon and other French writers are to be found in this collection. Of English encyclopedias, there are the *Iconographic*, *Perthensis*, *Edinburgh*, Rees's, *Encycl. Britannica*, Appleton's, etc. In English literature the main library is indifferently furnished, but a valuable and extensive collection constantly being added to, fills the shelves of the director of studies. The library of travels and description is not as extensive as would be required in a collection resorted to by the public, but is ample enough for this place, con-

tains many handsomely illustrated works, some that are rare, such as Kircher's *China*, Cook's *Voyages*, first edition, ancient atlases, and a number of other books that were famous in their day. In general biography the collection is respectable, and embraces at least works that are indispensable. The classical library contains the best editions, many of them uniform, and includes Stephens's *Thesaurus*, 10 folios, and other valuable lexicons. French, Italian, and Spanish literature have each a separate department. A voluminous *Encyclopedie Française* is among the former, and *Autores Españoles*, 65 quartos, among the latter. The philosophical works include the ancient and modern writers on intellectual philosophy, and of all schools; together with them are Brucker and other histories of philosophy. Among the bound volumes of British and American magazines is a set of Ackerman's *Repository*, with its curious and elegant plates of former female fashions. Histories of the Society of Jesus, pamphlets and books written against them or in defence of them, etc., have been found so numerous that a special collection has been made of these works in a case appertaining to the president's apartments. There

are other collections of books which must be passed over for want of time to give them attention. Reference might be made, however, to the specimens in the library of books or tracts in the Penobscot, Micmac, Pottawatomie, and Cherokee Indian languages, and in Chinese, Japanese, Javanese, Hindostanee, modern Sanscrit, Tamul, Dyak, Syriac, Armenian, Turkish, Polish, Russian, Slavonian, Basque, Breton, Irish, and Welsh.

The library is always accessible to visitors. It is, however, probably little known, and consequently seldom consulted by strangers. Perhaps it is not desirable that it should be greatly resorted to, considering the disjointed condition of its collections. A very spacious apartment, with shelves conveniently arranged and well lighted, such a room as we hope may be constructed within a few years, will alone make it a pleasure for visitors to spend much time in it. Books are never loaned outside the college. Students may visit the library to consult authorities, but they rarely have occasion to do so, as their own society libraries are well supplied with standard works, to which access can be had by them at any moment.

SOME ODD NOTIONS ABOUT THE MOON.

MEN have had strange fancies about earth's beautiful satellite. They have worshipped it as a goddess, sung of it as the birthplace of dreams, honored it as the abiding-place of beneficent spirits empowered to visit earth to aid good men and punish evil-doers. Some have held the moon to be the first home of humanity, the Paradise lost by Eve's transgression; others have believed it to be

the place to which the souls of men ascend after death. Byron wrote:

"Sweet Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air, an island of the blest;"

and a modern poetess has avowed her faith that the wretched find rest in Luna's serene regions. Many wise men of old believed the moon to be a world full of life, Pythagoras boldly asserting it had its seas and rivers,

its mountains, plains, and woods, its plants far lovelier than the flowers of earth, its animals fifteen times the size of those familiar to mundane eyes, ruled over by men of larger growth and higher mental faculties than those of earthly mould.

Leaving philosophers to speculate as to whether the moon was or was not the home of creatures more or less akin to humankind, unphilosophical folk agreed that the moon had one inhabitant at least, one of their own race, whose form was palpable to all who had eyes to see. How he attained his elevated position was in this wise. While the children of Israel sojourned in the wilderness, a man was detected gathering sticks upon the Sabbath-day, whereupon he was taken without the camp and stoned until he died. Not satisfied with this exemplary punishment of the offender by his fellow-wanderers, the vox populi condemned the unhappy Sabbath-breaker to a perpetual purgatory in the moon, wherein he may be seen, bearing his bundle of sticks upon his back, ever climbing and climbing without gaining a step; accompanied by a dog, faithful in worse than death, to a master, whom an old English song-writer pictures shuddering in constant fear of a fall, and shivering with cold as the frosty air bites his back through his thorn-rent clothes. Shakspeare's Stephano found Caliban ready enough to believe he was the man in the moon, dropped from the skies to become king of the enchanted island—"I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush." In Germany the story runs that, many ages ago, an old man went into the woods to cut sticks upon a Sunday morning. Having collected as many as he could carry, he slung the bundle upon a stick, shouldered it, and trudged homewards. He had not got far upon his way ere he was stopped by a handsome gentleman dressed in his Sunday best, who in-

quired if he was aware it was Sunday on earth, when every one was bound to rest from labor. "Sunday on earth, or Monday in heaven, it is all the same to me!" was the irreverent reply. "So be it," said his questioner: "bear, then, your fagot forever; and, since you do not value Sunday on earth, you shall have an everlasting moon-day in heaven—standing for eternity in the moon as a warning to Sabbath-breakers!" As he pronounced sentence the stranger vanished, and before the wood-gatherer could apologize for his rudeness, he was seized by invisible hands, and borne to the moon, pole, fagot, and all. According to another version, he had the option of burning in the sun or freezing in the moon, and chose the latter as the least of two evils.

Travelling northwards, we find the bundle of sticks transformed into a load of green stuff. A North-Frisian, so devoid of honest ingenuity that he could think of no better way of passing his Christmas Eve than in stripping a neighbor's garden of its cabbages, was deservedly caught by some of the villagers as he was sneaking away with his plunder. Indignant at the theft, they wished the thief in the moon, and to the moon he went instant; there he yet stands with the stolen cabbages on his back, turning himself round once on the anniversary of his crime and its detection. New Zealanders, too, claim the man in the moon as one of themselves, their story being, that one Rona, going out at night to fetch water from a well, stumbled, fell, and sprained his ankle so badly that, as he lay unable to move, he cried out with the pain. Then, to his dismay and terror, he beheld the moon descending towards him, evidently bent upon capturing him. He seized hold of a tree, and clung to it tightly, but it gave way, and fell with him upon the moon, which carried both away. In Swabia, not content with a man,

they must needs put a man and a woman in the moon : the former for strewing thorns and brambles on the road to church, to hinder more godly folks than himself from attending ; the latter for making butter upon Sunday.

The Cingalese transform the man into a hare, and make the animal's presence in the orb of night a reward instead of a punishment. Sâkyamunni, in one of the earlier stages of his existence, was a hare, living in a sort of partnership with an ape and a fox. One day, Indra paid the three friends a visit, in the guise of an old man in want of a meal. The larder being bare, the fox, the ape, and the hare started at once on a foraging expedition : while his cronies managed to secure something eatable, the hare returned as he went, but rather than be reproached with inhospitality, as soon as a cooking-fire was kindled, he jumped into it, thus providing the visitor with a dainty dish very literally at his own expense. Charmed with the action, Indra took the hare out of the fire, carried him back with him to heaven, and set him in the moon. In Scandinavia, oddly enough, tradition took the New Zealanders' view of Luna's character, and made a kidnapper of her. According to the Norse legend, Mâni, the moon, seeing two children, named Hjúki and Bil, drawing water from a well into a bucket, which they suspended on a pole, for easy carriage, seized upon them, and took children, bucket, and pole into the upper regions.

After testing the question again and again, modern meteorologists have come to the conclusion that the moon has no sort of influence over the weather, agreeing with the Iron Duke, that it is nonsense to place any faith in her as a weather predictor. Time was when she was thought absolute mistress of the seasons. Pliny has the following lunar weather-wisdom : Fine weather, wind, or rain, may be looked for according

as the moon rises with a pure white, red, or swarthy light. If, at full moon, half the disk is clear, fine weather is betokened ; if red, wind ; if black, rain. If at the rising of the new moon the upper horn is obscured, there will be a prevalence of wet when she is on the wane ; if the lower horn is obscured, there will be rain before she attains her full ; if both horns appear obtuse, a frightful tempest is near ; if they are sharp and erect, high winds may be expected. Darwin declares it is a sure sign of coming rain when the moon's head is hidden in haloes. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says a large circle round the moon, with a north or northeast wind, predicates stormy weather ; if the wind comes from any other quarter, there will still be rain, but less of it. If, however, the moon rises after sunset, the appearance of a ring round her is not so significant as the Dutch rhyme puts it :

"A ring round the moon
May pass away soon ;
But a ring round the sun
Gives water in the tun."

An old Spanish proverb says the circle of the moon never filled a pond, but the circle of the sun wets a shepherd ; while an English rhyme pronounces :

"If round the moon a circle's seen
Of white, and all the sky's serene,
The following day, you may divine,
Will surely prove exceeding fine."

And,

"Whene'er, in autumn or in spring,
A mist the moon doth with it bring,
At noon the sun will bright appear,
The evening be serene and clear."

The turning up of the horns of the new moon is another sign of fair weather : "There's no likelihood of a drop now, an' the moon lies like a boat there," says somebody in *Adam Bede*. Southey notices this notion in one of his letters : "Poor Littledale has this day explained the cause of the rains which have prevailed for the last five weeks, by a theory which will probably be as

new to you as it is to me. 'I have observed,' says he, 'that when the moon is turned upwards, we have fine weather after it, but when it is turned down, then we have a wet season; and the reason I think is, that when it is turned down, it holds no water, like a basin, you know, and down it comes?'" It is a very common belief that the weather depends upon the moon changing before or after midnight; a belief absurd on the face of it. Dr. Adam Clarke was oblivious of this fact when he put forth *A Weather Prognosticator, through all the lunations of each year forever; showing the observer what kind of weather will most probably follow the entrance of the moon into any one of her quarters, and that so near the truth, as to seldom or never be found to fail.* Our readers can easily decide as to the worth of the Doctor's weather-guide; they have only to note the time of the moon's entrance upon a new quarter, and compare the actual result with that anticipated by the Prognosticator. It would be useless to quote his formulated observations, for, like all other prophecies concerning the lunar phenomena, there is a total neglect of the fact, that weather is local, and not universal. In other words, the change in the moon that is supposed to have given good weather in one locality has probably been attended with exceedingly bad weather in another.

There is a time for all things; the difficulty lies in hitting upon the right time. No such difficulty disturbed the minds of the farmers of bygone days, who took my lady moon as their guide. They had only to ask themselves was she waxing or waning, and they knew what to do, and what to leave undone. An increasing moon was favorable to increase, a waning moon just the reverse. So under the first, grain was cut, grafts inserted, eggs put under the hen, sheep sheared, and manure spread upon the land. Seeds were

sown under a waning moon, in order that the young plants might have the advantage of growing with the moon.

"Sow peason and beans in the wane of the moon,
Who soweth them sooner, he soweth too soon;
That they with the planet may rest and arise,
And flourish with bearing most plentiful-wise."

When the moon was at the full, was the proper time to make ditches, tread out grapes, and cover up the roots of trees; seven days later being the fittest period for grubbing up such as were to be removed. Timber, however, was not to be touched until the end of the second quarter, and then only when the moon was upon the change. The state of the moon, says Pliny, is all-important when the felling of timber is in question, the very best time for the operation being during the moon's silence, or when she is in conjunction with the sun. Some, however, averred she ought to be below the horizon as well, and that if the conjunction happened to fall upon the day of the winter solstice, timber then felled would be of everlasting duration. Even now, apple-growers prefer gathering their fruit at the shrinking of the moon, believing then it does not matter though the apples get bruised in the gathering, which is otherwise fatal to their preservation. Peat-cutters aver that if peat be cut under a waning moon it will remain moist, and not burn clearly. The Brazilian mat-makers of Petropolis account for some of their mats wearing out too quickly, by reason of the canes having been cut at the wrong time of the moon. It is foolish to kill a pig when the moon is waning; for if a pig be converted into pork at that time, the meat will invariably waste excessively when it comes to be cooked. A skeptical writer, sneering at one of those who might have boasted like Falstaff, "We be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress, the moon," says: "When the moon is in Taurus, he never can be

persuaded to take physic; lest that animal, which chews the cud, should make him cast up again. If at any time he has a mind to be admitted into the presence of a prince, he will wait till the moon is in conjunction with the sun, for 'tis then the society of an inferior with a superior is salutary and successful."

Tiberius hoped to stave off baldness by never permitting the barber to shear his imperial locks except at full moon. The Roman emperor was evidently as earnest a believer in the ruling power of Luna, as the Duke in Measure for Measure, who tells Claudio—

"Thou art not certain,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects
After the moon;"

or as the fair Olivia, who answers the greeting of her lover's ambassador with: "If you be mad, begone; if you have reason, be brief; 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue." Othello, too, makes the moon responsible for his rash deed:

"It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than is her wont,
And makes men mad."

Although our mad-doctors have long since scouted the idea of lunatics being influenced in any way by the planet from which they take their name, it was held by men of note like Mead and Hunter. The latter was strong in the belief that the moon exercised considerable influence over the human body, particularly when at the full. "It is strange, but true as gospel," wrote the great soldier, Napier, from Scinde, "that at every new and full moon, down we all go here with fever." In tropical countries, where meat exposed in the moonlight turns putrid, the beams of the moon work harm to those who sleep beneath them. "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night," says the Psalmist. Captain Burton tells us that many a Brazilian negro, taking a nap incautiously in the moonlight, awakes with

one side of his face a different color from the other. A Mr. Perry, supposed to have been lost in the bush, turned up at Brisbane in very miserable plight. He had been blinded by sleeping under the rays of the moon, and wandered about for five days, until his sight became sufficiently restored to enable him to find the homeward track. The sailors of Southern Italy maintain that the beams of the moon are fatal to the fish they shine upon, and are careful to shelter those they catch from the moonlight, lest they should become putrid.

It was once, and still may be, the custom of Highland women to salute the new moon with a solemn courtesy. English country dames were wont to sit astride a stile or gate, waiting the new moon's appearance, to welcome her with, "A fine moon, God bless her!" Bachelors were privileged to claim a kiss and a pair of gloves upon announcing the advent of a new moon to the first maiden they met. If, when first seen, the new moon was upon the right hand, or directly before the person making her acquaintance, good fortune awaited the lucky individual on the ensuing month; just the contrary result following its appearance on the left hand, or at his or her back. To see a new moon for the first time through glass, is ominous of ill. To insure good fortune, one ought, at sight of her ladyship, to turn over one's money and wish. At the inquest upon the victims of the railway accident at Harrow, in November, 1870, a juryman said his son was in a meadow close by at the time of the collision, and saw the new moon shining brightly; and having a knack of turning over his money when he saw the new moon, he did so, and counted it easily by her light. To render the charm complete, the money should be spit upon. When Mungo Park visited the Mandingoes, he found a very similar superstition prevalent among

them. Upon the rising of the new moon, they always prayed in a whisper, spat upon their hands, and then rubbed their faces with them. The Mussulmans of Turkestan shake off their sins every month by the simple process of jumping up and down seven times with their faces turned towards the new moon.

Berkshire lasses used to go out into the fields, and cry to the new moon :

"New moon, new moon, I hail thee !
By all the virtue in thy body,
Grant this night that I may see
He who my true love is to be."

In Scotland, it was only the first new moon of the new year that was appealed to in this fashion ; to obtain success, it was necessary to set the back against a tree, and the feet upon a ground-fast stone, and sing or say :

"O new moon, I hail thee !
And gif I'm e'er to marry man,
Or man to marry me,
His face turned this way fast's ye can,
Let me my true love see,
This blessed night."

And if the invoker was destined to be married, the apparition of her future guidman would wait upon her before morning. Young ladies have another way of hailing the first new moon of the year : they take care to see her in a looking-glass, and know they will have to remain single as many years as they behold moons. Matrimonial diviners, of course, wish to see as few moons as possible, holding the more moons, the worse luck. The sight of more than one moon in the heavens has ever been portentous of impending trouble. Hubert tells King John :

"They say five moons were seen to-night,
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.
Old men and beldames in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously."

A red moon was equally ill-boding. When Salisbury entreats the commander of Richard II.'s Welsh soldiers to prevent their dispersion, the Welsh captain replies :

"'Tis thought the king is dead ; we'll not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all withered,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change.
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings."

A lunar eclipse was also an omen dire, as it well might be, if the popular notion in ancient times was correct, and the moon was only eclipsed when suffering from the spells of wicked magicians seeking to draw her down to earth, to aid them in their unholy doings ; fortunately, their machinations were of no avail if honest people could make enough noise to drown the songs of the enchanters.

To sing the moon out of the sky, is about as feasible a feat as that of fishing her out of a pond. Attempting the latter, a haymaker fixed a nickname upon his Wiltshire brethren forever. The story goes that two Wiltshire haymakers going home from work, espied the reflection of the moon in a pond, and took it for a lump of gold. One took off his boots and stockings, waded in, and tried to lay hold of the glittering prize ; it was too deep for his reach, so, seizing hold of his rake, he began to rake the water, and persevered until a party of mowers came along, and jeered him as a "moon-raker." Anxious to remove the slur of stupidity from his countrymen, Mr. Akerman ingeniously accounts for the opprobrious nickname in this way : "Piple zay as how they gied th' neame o' moon-rakers to we Wiltshire vauk, bekase a passel o' stupid bodies one night tried to rake the shadow o' th' moon out o' th' bruk, and tuk 't vor a thin cheese. But that's th' wrong end o' th' story. The chaps as was doin' o' this was smugglers, and they was a-vishing up zome kegs o' sperrits, and only pertended to rake out a cheese. So the exciseman as axed 'em the question had his grin at 'em ; but they had a good laugh at he, when 'em got whoame the stuff."

CHRISTMAS CAROL.*

ORIGINAL.

I.

PUER nobis nascitur,
 Rectorque angelorum !
 In hoc mundo Pascitur,
 Dominus Dominorum.

II.

In præsepe ponitur,
 Sub feno asinorum,
 Cognoverunt Dominum,
 Christum Regem cœlorum.

III.

Tunc Herodes timuit,
 Maximo cum dolore ;
 Infantes et pueros,
 Occidit cum livore.

IV.

Qui natus ex Maria,
 In die hodierna,
 Ducat nos cum gratia,
 Ad regna sempiterna.

V.

Angeli lætati sunt,
 Magno omnes gaudio,
 Cantaverunt : Gloria
 Est in Excelsis Deo.

VI.

Ergo cum lætitia,
 Pariter voce pia,
 Sic semper angelicas,
 Deo dicamus gratias.

* The translator in selecting for this year his annual Christmas carol from the ancient literature of the Church, has chosen the above, not so much for any original or striking sentiments which it contains, for unlike most productions of its class, it is singularly free from these as also from those deep theological ideas which the old ecclesiastical writers so frequently and so deftly interwaved with their poetic thoughts. It is presented as absolutely the only example he can recall in which the classic language of Rome has been made subservient to the quaintness of the English pastoral, or even of the *nursery rhyme*. Its simplicity is its charming feature. The original peculiarities have been followed, both as to sentiment and metre, as far as was deemed expedient in the translation.

VII.

Nos de toli gaudio,
Cantemus corde pio,
In chordis et organo,
Benedicamus Domino.

TRANSLATION.

I.

A little child to us is born,
The angels' ruler He !
Nourished earth's poor breast upon,
The Lord of lords we see.

II.

Upon the manger's rugged board,
Among the asses' hay,
Where swains and sages owned him Lord,
Christ, Heaven's King, they lay.

III.

Then did cruel Herod fear,
With the direst dread,
The blood of all male infants near,
Lividly he shed.

IV.

Oh, may He who from Mary maid,
Was born this Christmas day,
Lead us henceforth with grace arrayed,
To heavenly realms for aye.

V.

Oh, how the angels did rejoice,
All with a mighty joy ;
Carolling with united voice,
Glory to God on high !

VI.

We, therefore, too, with holy glee,
And voice attuned by piety,
Thus joining with the angel ranks,
Will always tell to God our thanks.

VII.

While flow our songs for this great joy,
From hearts all free from sin's employ,
Our strings and keys in sweet accord,
We'll press that we may bless the Lord.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.*

THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

CHARITY is the characteristic virtue of the Christian religion. It is the virtue by which its Divine Founder foretold that his followers should be recognized everywhere: "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, that you love one another." This text at first view would seem to refer to only one phase of this virtue, the mutual love men should bear to one another, but on reflection it will readily be seen that the two phases of charity are so closely allied as to be mutually dependent one upon the other. The love of our fellow-man is but the natural outcome, but the necessary consequence of the love of God. They cannot exist separately, so closely are they interwoven. As an illustration and proof of this mutual dependence, St. John, the apostle of charity, uses this emphatic language: "If any man say, I love God and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love God, whom he seeth not? And this commandment we have from God, that he who loveth God love also his brother." 1 Epistle St. John, chap 4. Therefore he who professes to love God must necessarily love his neighbor. If his heart does not expand with love for his fellow-man, if it does not go out in sympathy with him, his professions of love for God are delusive and false. One's love for his neighbor is the test and the proof of the sincerity and the genuineness of his love for God. Hence, it follows that those who love one another thereby show themselves to be disciples of Jesus. By this love are they recog-

nized as such. "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, that you love one another."

Now by this love of our fellow-man is not meant that feeling or sentiment which is commonly known as love, and which owes its existence to merely natural causes. This sentiment springs from some real or fancied perfection of the object beloved. It is selfish in its origin and in its growth, and should the object of affection cease to please, every trace of this love disappears with it, to be often succeeded by hate. But the love which is synonymous with charity is of a higher type, and of a broader compass. It has its inspiration in God, and like the love of God for man, embraces in its scope the entire human family. The common origin of men, descended as all are from the same father, who was created by God, is the sole qualification it asks, as it is certainly the grandest motive which can appeal to the affections of the human heart.

This is the love by which the followers of Jesus are to be recognized. It is called Christian charity, because it owes its existence to the teaching and the example of Jesus Christ. Before his advent it was unknown. It was a new revelation even to the chosen people, who were the sole guardians of his inspired word. Even the old law had its code of retaliation, which is incompatible with charity. In referring to this code Jesus said in his Sermon on the Mount: "You have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you not to resist evil." Again: "You have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor and

* An address delivered by Rev. Francis P. O'Neill before the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Philadelphia, Sunday evening, December 10th, 1876.

hate thy enemy. But I say to you, love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." And he adds the reason: "That you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven, who maketh his sun to shine on the good and the bad, and raineth upon the just and unjust." In these magnificent words he made known for the first time his sublime doctrine of charity. He abrogated the law of retaliation. He rescinded from his religion everything which savored of revenge for injuries received, even the desire thereof. He promulgated the doctrine that men should look above and beyond personal considerations for the motives of their actions, and in their relations should be guided and controlled by the broader and higher motive of a common brotherhood. This should be the only title deemed necessary for the discharge of the offices of humanity, and in imitation of their heavenly Father, who dispenses his gifts to all alike, to the unjust as well as the just, men should love their fellows apart from any selfish motives which might present themselves. Much more might be said upon this subject, for it is a fertile theme. There is but one consideration, however, to which we wish particularly to draw attention. It is this, that in the fixing of this high standard of morality in the promulgation of this exalted doctrine, Jesus Christ laid deep and broad the foundation of that great Christian virtue which has transformed the face of the whole world. It has exalted human nature, teaching the high and the lowly that they are equal in the eyes of their Maker. It has lightened life's burden by the bright promises it holds out to suffering humanity. Like dew before the morning sun, it chases away care, letting in upon the darkest hour of trial a cheery ray of hope. It has made poverty easy by conse-

crating it, and by calling it blessed. It has made men respect, even though they might not love, what they had been taught to despise, and forced them to regard in the light of a blessing what they had previously looked upon as a misfortune and a curse. It has taught men to alleviate misery and to assuage pain, to pity weakness, to help the needy, to minister to the suffering, to sympathize with the sorrowful, and by these means it has smoothed away the rough edges of the world's trials, and plucked out the sting from the wounded heart of humanity. I do not wish you to infer that before Christianity the bowels of man's mercy were never moved with compassion. Many instances are recorded of clemency and generosity which reflect honor upon human nature, but acts of mercy were rare indeed. They were only the spasmodic efforts of some noble souls obeying the more generous impulses of their hearts, despite the opinion and ideas which prevailed and ruled. For we are not ignorant that public sentiment regarded forgiveness of an injury as cowardice, pity for the oppressed and the poor as a weakness worse than crime. Does it not make the heart bleed to read the tales of cruelty and blood which are told of the last days of the Roman Empire? Are we not filled with horror when we behold the noble Roman matron the calm, nay, the gratified spectator of the inhuman contest between the gladiators in the arena, or, worse still, of the heartless butchery of the Christian martyrs in the amphitheatre, for whose blood the populace thirsted as much as the wild beasts which were let loose upon them to devour them. Yet these things were done in the palmyest days of pagan civilization and refinement, and these bloody scenes were the necessary accompaniments, the essential features of a Roman holiday. Where could pity, where could mercy find a place in hearts

which approved and applauded these inhuman spectacles? How could eyes, accustomed to feast upon such scenes, shed a tear of sympathy for poor struggling mortals? No, it was reserved for Christianity to condemn these brutal entertainments, to correct this vitiated taste, and this she did by espousing the cause of the poor, by uplifting the oppressed, by relieving suffering, and by ministering to want. The struggle was a long and a hard one, but in the end she triumphed, and succeeded in erecting upon the world's pedestal, where the demon of Cruelty was so long enthroned, the beautiful figure of Mercy. Under her benign influence what was once cowardice has become the highest type of moral heroism; what was deemed a weakness is now considered the highest occupation in which men can engage; even the unchristian, if not pagan, world around us deigns to give its smile of approval and its meed of praise to such as devote their lives to the relief of human misery, and to the assuaging of human pain. This was a great revolution to effect in the opinions of men, and we can scarcely estimate the extent or the magnitude of the struggle between the world and religion. We need but glance over the pages of the Church's history to learn the gigantic efforts which she put forth to secure the victory. We will there learn how she tried to relieve every phase of human misery which presented itself. Her first great work was the liberation of the slaves who were so numerous at the dawn of Christianity. Next she asserted the rights of the downtrodden and the oppressed, and she made tyrants tremble on their thrones. She upheld the weak against the strong by making her sanctuaries places of refuge, which no one, however powerful, dared violate with impunity. She caused the poor to be respected by cherishing them in her bosom. She poured

oil upon the gaping wound, bound and bandaged the mutilated limb, gently pressed the fevered brow, and smoothed the pillow of suffering, whispered kind words to the aching heart, and held out bright promises of a future reward to the disappointed, the depressed, and the despairing. There was no form of human suffering to which she did not minister, and thus, by precept and example, she impressed upon all the necessity and the value of deeds of mercy to the poor. She adapted herself to meet the wants of the times. There was no service in behalf of the poor to which she was not willing to stoop. She organized her children into societies, whose chief object, whose whole purpose should be the removal of certain ills which afflicted humanity at different periods of her existence. At one time it is the harboring of the indigent, at another it is the care of persons afflicted with some form of loathsome disease, again it is the release of captives, and again the reformation of prisoners condemned to the galleys and to gaols. Orders of men and of women bind themselves by vows, with the sanction and approval of the Church, and fortified by her blessing they dared and did great things for God and their fellow-men. But it would detain us too long, to enter into the details of the numberless works of charity inaugurated and carried on under the auspices of the Church. We shall be content with the general assertion that the whole modern system of charity, as displayed in the hospitals, in the orphan asylums, in the homes for the aged and the indigent, originated in the Church, and flourish most prosperously wherever they are under her control. So much admired are these works over the wide world that in almost every place her example has been copied by those who belong not to her fold, but who, though they are not willing to admit her influence, perhaps do not

recognize it, are nevertheless, to a greater or less degree, unconsciously guided by her. We think we might safely say that not half the institutions of this kind would exist outside the Church, if jealousy of her influence over the masses, if the ambition to share her honors, if a spirit of rivalry to follow and to outstrip her did not inspire and sustain them.

Among the many works of charity which have thus sprung up from time to time in the Church few are deserving of more prominent notice than the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. It has been the efficient means of much good, done in such an unostentatious and silent way, that not many, who have not had occasion to use its benefits, and prove its usefulness, are aware of its existence, or at least acquainted with its spirit or its workings.

It originated in France, that fruitful mother of so many beneficent designs and noble undertakings for the promotion of God's glory and the happiness of men. Like numerous other societies of the same kind, its origin must be attributed more to a special Providence than to any fixed design or purpose of its authors. They were the unconscious instruments in the hands of God for working out his own ends, and of meeting a great necessity which existed in society. The object which brought them together was their own spiritual and intellectual improvement. By the blessing of God their eyes were opened to many crying evils which were overrunning their beloved France. They saw everywhere the ravages which infidelity was making in the land. The faith of the people was attacked, and designing, able, and cunning men had industriously set themselves to work to sap the foundations of all religion, and to overturn the stately edifices which were the outgrowth of centuries of piety and zeal. Widespread demoralization was the natural conse-

quence among all classes. Among the lower classes, however, among the poor, the baneful results of this prevalent irreligion and impiety were most observable. For, deprived of that divine faith which alone reconciled them to their lot, the poor rushed into every excess, and by their immorality increased and intensified their miseries.

Among the many who bewailed the evils they could not remedy, were these young men, who still possessed the gift of faith, which they prized and cherished beyond any earthly treasure. To save themselves from contamination, to encourage each other in the practice of every Christian virtue, to study the word of God, and make themselves familiar with all the truths of revelation, and thus prepare themselves against the attacks of the scoffer and the infidel, to join together in prayer and other spiritual exercises, they wisely resolved to meet at certain stated times every week. These were at first the sole objects of their weekly reunions, which they early found to be the source of incalculable good to each individual member. Not in many instances was realized more fully the truth of Jesus' words: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." They met together in Jesus' name, and for the advancement of his cause, and they soon gave unmistakable evidence of his presence with them in the more ardent zeal which animated them, and in the strong desire which seized them to extend the scope of their usefulness. Up to this time they had no other purpose than their own spiritual advantage, an object surely worthy of all praise. But when one of their number arose in their midst, and pleaded the cause of the poor, giving a graphic sketch of the miseries which oppressed them, of the sufferings they were subjected to, of the follies and crimes they committed, and at the same time tracing

many of these evils to the uniform and universal neglect with which they were treated, and the prevalent lack of sympathy with them in their poverty and distress, they at once recognized in his words an appeal to them from God to go beyond mere personal considerations, however laudable, and to devote themselves to the cause of the poor and to the amelioration of their condition. Such was the modest beginning of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. From that day the blessing of God seems to have continued with the Society in a wonderful manner. New members were soon enlisted in their ranks, edified by their good works, and anxious to have a share in the golden merits they were reaping in the harvest of the Lord. So rapidly did their numbers increase that they were obliged to divide the Conference into branch societies, to each of which was allotted a district in which the good work should be carried on in subordination to the Conference from which they sprung. From Paris it quickly extended to the different cities and towns of France, and everywhere it went it carried with it blessings to the poor, whom to relieve, to help, to educate, to elevate and refine had now become its grand aim and purpose.

Its members, who were actuated with the spirit of Jesus, who loved the poor and sinners, listened with patient and attentive ears to the complaints of the poor. To none was ever spoken a word of reproach. They were not upbraided for their miseries, even though their own follies and vices had been the cause. In the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, they were ever sure to find sympathizing friends, who would give them substantial aid and relief. They received even more care than this; for these good men did not wait for the poor to come to them with their tales of sorrow and of suffering, but of their own accord they visited the habitations of the poor—

they ascended to their garrets—they descended to the meanest slums where human beings dwelt, not only with lips laden with kind words of sympathy, but with hands filled with what brought them comfort and relief.

It is not a matter of wonder that a society animated with its spirit, and giving such evidence of its practical sympathy with the poor, should first win for itself their respect and confidence, and finally their esteem and love. Who shall ever estimate the numbers of unfortunates who were thus reclaimed from vice, and won back to religion and to God? The secret is hidden in the bosom of God, but no one who has heard or read of the labors of the members of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, can doubt that thousands who else had perished outright were through them brought to the knowledge and the love of God.

The poor learned that they had in them real genuine friends, and they gave them in return their fullest trust, hearkened to their advice, followed their counsel, and corresponded with all their wishes. A great change was soon wrought among them, and its effects were everywhere visible.

From France the Conferences were soon brought to Italy, and were established in Rome. The Holy Father gave it his approval, enriched it with his Apostolic blessing and many indulgences, and thus secured its triumphant success. Thence it travelled to England, Ireland, Scotland, to Germany, next crossed the seas, and established itself in Mexico, and last of all came to our own beloved country, where it has found a genial home, where it continues to flourish, and where it daily dispenses its bounty to the worthy poor without pretence or publicity, but none the less efficiently for that very cause.

It was established in the year 1833, in the modest manner to which allusion has been made, and in less

than ten years it had spread over the larger part of the Christian world.

It is carried on now with the same vigor and energy that characterized it from the beginning. Its members to-day are animated with the same spirit as its original founders, obey the rules faithfully, and thus insure blessings to themselves, and a continuance of the success which has ever attended their Society. Its membership is composed of laymen who belong to the respective parishes in districts in which the Conference has been lawfully established. They bind themselves by no vow or promise, assume no responsibility, burden themselves with no exacting duties. Their labors are entirely voluntary, and from this source derive their chief merit. Once a week they meet at some stated place, open their meeting with prayer, read some edifying spiritual book, and then devote themselves to the applications which have been forwarded to them for relief or assistance. Certain members are then appointed by the President of the Conference, whose duty it is to visit the individual or the family indicated, investigate their condition, and when found to be in need or in distress, to report their application favorably at the next meeting of the Conference, which thereupon furnishes the required help. In this way is secured an intelligent distribution of their charities, the worthy poor only receiving the benefits.

Once in the month the members approach the holy communion in a body, although there is no rule compelling or requiring attendance. It is, however, of counsel, and where the right spirit prevails, is generally complied with.

Beyond this, membership in the Conference exacts no obligations, except those which pertain to all Christians to be good and edifying members of society. It will at once be seen that this association of men

banded together for the same purpose, and by advice and example helping each other in the discharge of their duties, gives to such as belong to it an advantage over those who receive no such encouragements. We ought not to conclude without a reference, though it be a brief one, to the admirable Catholic spirit which pervades this Society, and to which belongs in great measure its success. It is subordinated in everything to the approval of the Church. Each Conference has a chaplain with whom the members consult, and with whom they act in unison, and whose consent and approval are requested before every undertaking, especially where it may be outside the range of the regular duties demanded of them.

This subordination to ecclesiastical superiors goes on through every branch of the Conference, through the particular Council of each diocese, even up to the Superior Council at Paris.

This obedience is required from every individual member, and is regarded as the best test which could be given of the prevailing spirit of each Society. Hence no collision can ever occur between the members and the ecclesiastical authorities, and any minor difficulties which might arise from time to time can be adjusted by reference to a Superior Council. This is the spirit of the constitutions and rules which govern the Society, and fidelity to this spirit has found its recompense in the flourishing condition of the Conferences throughout the entire world. They are dispensing blessings on every side. They are showing to the world what Christian charity is. They are teaching the unbelievers and heretics that the Church, whose dutiful children they are, is fresh and vigorous, and willing and able to carry on the good work which was begun by her divine founder, Jesus Christ, of consoling,

of comforting, of ministering to the poor, whom he said his Church should have always with her.

The Church is as rich and powerful in her good works; in the faith and piety of her children, as at any former period of her existence.

She is doing all in her power to ameliorate the condition of mankind. She is striving without ceasing to keep alive the faith of Jesus upon the earth. She endeavors, too, to keep alive the fire of divine charity, that men may feel its warmth and partake of its blessings.

In the meantime she is powerfully aided by the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, and the spirit of Christian charity which she has striven so hard to cultivate, is promoted by this the youngest child begotten of her immeasurable love for God's poor. May this Conference continue to flourish, and may charity, which is of God, fill the hearts of all Christians, so that they may love him, serve him, extend his kingdom on earth and promote his glory in heaven.

THE MORGANS.

CHAPTER I.

THE MORGAN GIRLS AT HOME.

THERE were three of them, Agnes, Rosalie, and Katharine. Agnes and Rosalie were twins, and were just entering on their twentieth year. They were beautiful girls; both blondes; yet differing from each other considerably, both in appearance and disposition. Perhaps it was this very dissimilarity that strengthened the natural affection existing between them, and made them almost inseparable companions. They were both accomplished, having "graduated" a couple of years before our story opens at a celebrated educational institution of Western New York. They still considered their graduating crosses as badges of highest distinction; and were still so loyal to a more unworldly honor, as to wear their large silver sodality medals at all times conspicuously on their persons.

We have introduced the youngest of the Morgan girls by her baptismal name, Katharine, but she was always called Kittie.

"She will have to grow tall and stately to bear her name with dignity," the pretty, sentimental mother used to say, in little Katharine's babyhood; "and now she has such clinging, coaxing, caressing ways that 'Kittie' just suits her."

As she has not thus far grown tall or stately, or lost the pretty ways that had won her home name for her, Kittie she remained, much to the satisfaction of Joe, the only son and junior member of the household, who had all a small boy's fondness for jokes, and who never wearied of repeating this remarkable one of his own invention: "We have three Kitties at our house, the two cats and Kittie Morgan."

Kittie, being small in stature, of brunette complexion, with dark eyes and hair, in no way resembled her lily-like sisters. Neither was she what might be called accomplished, for on account of severe losses which her father sustained in business, Kittie was removed from the convent when she was but fourteen; her parents finding the expenses attendant upon the education of "the twins,"

as much and almost more than they could provide for at the time.

James Morgan was a contractor, and had been a very successful one; but now business became dull. He was often out of employment for three or four months at a time. Meanwhile the family had to live, and appearances had to be kept up to a certain extent. Of course, debts began to accumulate. Then,—for James Morgan would defraud no one, he began to sell off portions of the property he had made in the days of his prosperity, until at last he possessed nothing but the family residence, that even being mortgaged for nearly half its value.

Though her stay in the convent had been comparatively short, yet Kittie had profited better than her more brilliant sisters, by the lessons of piety and self-sacrifice which the good sisters endeavored to impress upon the hearts of their pupils. But as she had not remained long enough at school to graduate, her sisters, of course, considered her education very incomplete. It was an understood thing in the family, that she was to return to the convent "next year," or "when the Vanderhoff suit was decided in papa's favor." Three years had passed by, however, and Kittie felt convinced in her own mind that her school-days were ended. Yet she could write an interesting letter, and could even play dance-music and accompaniments. Better still, she was expert with her needle, and had a decided taste for housekeeping. Indeed, since they could afford to keep but one servant, Kittie had taken so active a part in domestic duties that the family scarcely felt the change. These homely facts, however, were carefully concealed from all outsiders; for though they had retrenched many expenses, they still "kept up appearances" bravely.

"When papa gets into steady employment again, everything will be all right," said the twins; and await-

ing this, it would be very injudicious, according to their way of thinking, to let the cold, hard world know just how matters stood. And the mother agreed—she always agreed with Agnes and Rosalie—and James Morgan tried to be of the same opinion; for when had he contradicted in anything his fair, delicate wife and the beautiful and beloved twins?

Yet there was something in this same keeping up of appearances, which raised vague misgivings in his honest heart at times, and which emptied his never very full purse with marvellous rapidity; making him low-spirited enough whenever the half-yearly interest on that dreadful mortgage was coming due. But he was a man of sanguine temperament, always hoping for "something to turn up;" and, as he used to say, surely every time that he felt as if the worst had come, something did happen to provide for the present emergency; and he, poor man, had somehow got into the habit of looking no further. Then there was all the money that Vanderhoff owed him, and now that he had gone to law about it, he would certainly recover his own some time. The suit of Morgan *versus* Vanderhoff had been five years in litigation already, and so far no one was any the richer save the lawyers. It was in part to raise money to carry on this suit that he had mortgaged his home.

There were grand old residences in the long-settled aristocratic quarters of Sedgewick, and lovely villa-like dwellings on the picturesque banks of the river that flowed through this fair Eastern city; but none of them, in James Morgan's eyes, were more beautiful than this home of his which he had planned and built in his early manhood, and which he loved as men like him love the place that shelters their heart's treasures.

The house was of stone, spacious and substantially built. A handsome lawn, shaded by a few large maples, and brightened by tastefully arranged

beds of scarlet geraniums, extended in front of it, sloping gently towards the street. Behind the house, and partly hidden from view by a neat lattice, was a well-laid-out fruit and vegetable garden.

The interior arrangement of the house was marked by that elegant simplicity so dear to refined taste. Most of the furniture was heavy and quaint; among the family treasures were a few fine paintings, a massive silver tea-service, and much rare old china. Then the house was adorned with curiosities from distant lands, for one of Mrs. Morgan's brothers had been captain of a trading vessel, and never returned from a voyage without bringing some souvenirs of his travels to beautify his favorite sister's home.

On this dark and chilly afternoon in late October, a more cheerful-looking spot than the Morgan's back parlor could not be found in Sedgewick, nor elsewhere, for that matter. A fire glowed in the polished grate, diffusing light as well as warmth. Mrs. Morgan, who was quite an invalid, was taking her usual siesta; and Joe had not yet returned from school, so the girls had the apartment to themselves.

"Oh, dear!" cried Rosalie, pettishly; "I wonder whether it would be an unpardonable sin to ask papa for five dollars? I can do nothing with this overdress; it's torn and ripped and soiled, and it can't be washed. If I had money enough to buy some new tarlatan, and a few yards of blue grosgrain ribbon, I wouldn't despair of making a respectable appearance at Mrs. Carroll's on Tuesday evening. But as it is—"

"Well, but we needn't go there;" interrupted Agnes, closing her book.

"Needn't go!—when you want to go yourself as much as I do! But of course you can be independent, since mamma had her blue silk fixed up for you. I don't think papa would refuse me such a trifle, but I

hate to ask him; he looks so solemn and low-spirited these days."

"We shouldn't be surprised at that, Rosalie, when the first instalment of the mortgage comes due next month, and Mr. Williamson says he will foreclose immediately if it is not paid," rejoined Kittie; "but you need not be uneasy about your dress, for you can have my tarlatan. I have worn it only once, and I think the whole dress will make a nice waist and overskirt for you. I know mamma won't mind."

"Oh, Kittie, you're a perfect darling! but then, of course, you don't care for such things yourself, and you're 'most too young to go to parties, anyhow."

"I do care, Rosalie, and you know very well I wanted to go to Mrs. Carroll's, for I was never invited to a grown-up party before; but I'd much rather stay home than have you tease papa for money now."

"Kittie, you have a very ungracious way of doing a favor, and you should not speak so sharply to one older than yourself; it's very unbecoming;" said stately Agnes in her stateliest tones. "There; go get the dress till we see what can be done with it."

"Oh, Ag, how you love to boss 'round!" cried Joe, who had just come in from school. "If I was Kittie I wouldn't stand it a minute. I think you're horrid mean to take her dress, Rose Morgan; and she's a big goose—no, I mean a little one—to let you have it. Oh, Kittie!" as that young lady made her appearance with her arms full of the airy fabric, "haven't you something good to eat for a feller that's half-starved, and won't you make plum tarts for supper?"

But Joe's requests for the moment passed unheeded.

"Of course," Rosalie was saying, "Mr. Sherwood will be there. By the way, Agnes, I heard, the other day, that he was paying marked at-

tention to Mrs. McMahon. Wouldn't it be a joke if she caught him, after all? 'Oh, Samivel, Samivel, beware of the vidders!'"

The face that Agnes turned to the window was wan and white, and the voice that she meant should be indifferent, sounded cold and constrained, as she made answer: "Well, his *youth* will not hinder him from choosing wisely, nor hers either, if it goes to that."

But why should Rosalie's words make Kittie's cheeks burn with a deeper crimson, while her heart throbbed slowly and painfully, as she laid her dress down on the sofa, and followed hungry Joe to the dining-room? She had known Frederick Sherwood all her life; he had ever been to her like a dear uncle or elder brother; what was there so strange in the thought of his "paying attention" to any one? What was this gentleman, "nearly as old as papa," to her but a valued friend? So tried to reason poor Kittie as she attended to Joe's demands. This engaging youth might soon thereafter have been seen scudding "across lots," with a huge slice of warm bread, thickly spread with plum preserves, in his hand, to Johnson's barn, the favorite rendezvous on rainy days of all the schoolboys in the neighborhood.

Kittie moved around the kitchen in an absentminded way, trying to be intent on her preparations for the next meal, while the two young ladies in the parlor measured and ripped, discussing with much interest "the probabilities" for Tuesday night. By and by, however, the conversation began to take a more serious turn.

"But, Rosalie, if the worst happens, and we lose our home, what shall we do? Papa has no work; he said to mamma last night that he could get a good contract on some new railroad a hundred miles south of here, if he had about a thousand dollars to start on; but he can't get

that much money anywhere, and then, there's that awful mortgage."

"Oh, Agnes! do you think we are really going to lose this dear old house?" cried Rosalie, the tears starting to her eyes, "and that we'll really have to work for our living? You could teach, but I'm sure I don't know what *I* could do. It seems to me I've forgotten all I ever learned, except just drawing and music. I tried to help Joe with his sums the other night, but I had to give up. He knew more about them than I did. And to think of all the pains poor Sister Vincentia used to take with me. Besides, just fancy how people will cut us. As it is we don't have nearly so many calls or invitations as we did the first year we were home from school. Some of our Catholic friends even will change towards us. Don't you remember how we ourselves acted towards the Bagleys after their father failed, and they went to live on William Street? We wouldn't call on them, simply because most of the other girls had not done so, until Mother Evangelista wrote us about them, and papa made us go."

Agnes was silent. She felt the truth of her sister's remarks, but she was naturally prouder and more reticent, and moreover, was blessed with a larger share of common sense.

"Well," she said, at length, "we must only submit to our lot. And as to working for our living, all I fear on that score is that we shall find it a hard matter to obtain employment. I certainly could teach, as you suggest, but it requires great influence to procure a position in the ward schools, and I suppose there are at least twenty applicants to one vacancy. Then, as for music-teachers and governesses, there are scores of them in the city glad to work for whatever is offered them; and in regard to writing in the county clerk's or surrogate's offices, it's like the schools—it takes more influence than we can command to obtain such sit-

uations. But, hark! I hear a foot-step on the walk; it's too early for papa's return, I think."

"It's the letter-carrier, Agnes; raise the window, there's a dear, and take in whatever he has. I hope it's a letter for me. I'm expecting one from Clara Hemingway."

"No, indeed; it's for papa. Oh, my, what an outlandish direction! Just come here and look, Rosalie. Such writing; and it's postmarked 'Cloverville, Ill.'"

And the girls examined the curious superscription, and speculated as to the sender of the missive.

"I guess it must be from one of those Swedes that used to work for papa. Ever so many of them went out West, last year;" concluded Rosalie, placing the letter conspicuously on the mantelpiece to await her father's return.

CHAPTER II.

AUNT JANE'S LETTER.

ABOUT an hour later a well-known ring at the door-bell announced the father's return. He entered the parlor slowly and stood, for a few moments, warming his hands before the fire. He was a tall, broad-chested, noble-looking man, nearing middle age, from whose clear gray eyes a loving, loyal soul looked out; one of whom it might be said in the words of the poet:

"His heart was formed for ties of home,
For faithful, generous loving;
For friendship, oft by trial proved,
And strengthened in the proving."

This had been a trying day for him, a day of disappointments. Then a sarcastic remark, made by one whom he had thought his friend, had come to his ears, and grieved him bitterly.

"Poor Morgan! I'm sorry for him, but he's been a shiftless sort of a man, or his affairs wouldn't have got into such a condition. Besides, he has a very extravagant family. They're foolishly endeavoring to hide the true state of affairs un-

der plausible outward appearances. Their betters have had to learn to step down and out of a high social circle; and *they* should accommodate themselves to circumstances. The world is overcrowded with people who 'have seen better days.'"

With this in his mind, it was not astonishing that a shade of impatience crossed James Morgan's face when he observed his daughters' occupation.

"Where is your mother, girls?" he asked, at length.

"She's lying down, sir; she has a bad headache."

"Poor thing! I don't wonder. And where's Kittie?"

"She's getting supper ready."

"As usual! Girls, I should think you would not leave such things always to Kittie."

The twins observed a prudent silence. Presently Agnes bethought herself of the letter.

"Here, papa," she said, rising, and handing it to him, "this came about an hour ago."

He took it listlessly, opened it, and commenced to read. An exclamation of surprise escaped him, and in a moment he was completely absorbed in the perusal of the letter, varying expressions of joy, regret, and bewilderment, succeeding one another on his countenance. At length he finished it, and laid it on the table, saying, in unsteady tones: "Agnes, go and see if your mother—but stay, here she is—and tell Kittie to come here also."

He drew an easy chair near the fire, and tenderly conducted to it the frail, fairy-like woman, who was just entering the apartment with languid, uncertain steps. Mrs. Morgan was several years younger than her husband, and was still fair to look upon, though years of continued delicate health had left their impress upon her. She wore a crimson wrapper, of heavy rich material, belted close to her slender figure; her wavy, brown hair was drawn

back into a soft coil, and her large dark-blue eyes looked almost black, because of her exceeding pallor.

In a few moments Kittie came in, sat down in her favorite corner, and resumed her work on the scarf.

James Morgan took up the letter again. "This is from my step-sister Jane. I have often told you of her marrying Silas Tompkins, and going West with him, about a year after my own marriage. He died last winter. As you are aware, they had no children, and he has left her in very easy circumstances. I never would have dreamed of applying to her for assistance in any of my difficulties, but now she makes me an offer that if the conditions accompanying it can be fulfilled, will enable me to save this house, and start independently in my business in less than a fortnight."

"Oh, I knew something would turn up!" cried Rosalie, ecstatically.

"Hush!" said the father, almost sternly; "it is for you, girls, to decide whether her proffered assistance can be accepted, or not. Remember, I wish no one to make any sacrifice now that she may fear to regret hereafter."

"I am sure, papa, that I would do anything in the world for you," murmured Agnes, softly.

"And what is the condition, James?" asked Mrs. Morgan quietly, though not without evident anxiety.

"It is this, my dear,—that we send her one of the girls to live with her, to nurse her in her old age. She says that since her husband's death her life has been a lonesome and dreary one, and that she needs a young person to look after her. She is in easy circumstances, and if we accede to her request, she promises not only to advance me a sufficient sum to bridge me over my difficulties, but also to grant a liberal allowance to whoever shall go to her, and at her death make her her heiress. She is not a Catholic, but she has a good heart, and before long I hope

she may have the grace to become one. She promises not to interfere in the matter of religion. Her manners are rather uncouth, and she is both eccentric and illiterate, but I think she is at bottom a good, kind, considerate, simple creature, and would try to do what is right and just. Now, what do you say, girls, to the offer."

There was dead silence for a moment. James Morgan looked earnestly, almost imploringly, at Kittie, and, involuntarily, her mother and sisters glanced in the same direction. She knew what it all meant; the color forsook her face, the tears dimmed her great black eyes for a moment; she trembled all over, but uttered not a word; she could not speak, for the choking sensation in her throat stifled her voice.

"Girls," said the father, at last, "I leave you to reflect on this proposition. Remember what I said at first, and decide nothing rashly. Perhaps poverty shared together might be sweeter than comfort purchased at the sacrifice which the acceptance of this offer must involve for some one; but then—well, never mind, I don't want to speak of this again to-night."

"Tea is ready," announced the servant, appearing at the door, for the tea-bell had been disregarded by all save Joe, who was in his place when the rest of the family entered the dining-room. It was a silent meal. Joe enjoyed a monopoly of the plum-tarts and cookies, and was surprised to notice that for once his smart speeches received but scant attention, even from Kittie.

Supper over, the twins opened the folding doors between the parlors, and establishing themselves in their chosen work near one of the windows that looked towards the street, talked in low tones about Aunt Jane's letter. The father took up the evening paper and endeavored to fix his attention upon its contents. Mrs. Morgan sat gazing pensively

into the fire. Joe, oppressed by the unusual dulness of the family circle, addressed himself soberly to his algebra and slate; while Kittie stole off unobserved to her own little room at the head of the front stairs, and sitting there alone in the warm darkness, tried "to think to a purpose." And thus ran her musings:

"Oh, dear! I ought to be willing to go, for it's expected of me; and I know I'm the only one that will come near to suiting Aunt Jane; and of course, the twins can't be separated, and she wouldn't want both of them, and besides, neither of them would be happy away off there in that lonesome place. But it will be almost as hard for me, for I've never been away from home at all, except when I was at the convent, and I'm so timid of strange people. Oh! it will be just awful to have to leave papa and mamma, and Joe and the girls; and this dear old home, and the cathedral, and our friends—and, and—everything else; and not to come back, maybe, for ever so long. Because it will be years before papa can pay Aunt Jane; for it takes so much to keep us the way we like to live; and I don't believe that Vanderhoff suit will ever amount to anything. Once I go away, my coming back will be like my going to school has been. Oh! I wish people didn't have to do such hard things to get money!" And poor Kittie would have indulged in "a good cry," only she feared they might have visitors during the evening, and it would never do for her red eyes to be noticed.

"Still," she continued, looking down through the slats of the blinds on the wet pavement, "I don't know who's likely to call this evening, except, perhaps, the O'Connors, or Mr. Sherwood."

There was evidently some reviving influence in this last thought, for Kittie lit the gas, brushed her hair, and fixed a knot of cherry ribbon at her throat. The door-bell rang while

she was thus engaged. Presently she heard voices in the hall below.

"Sure enough," she murmured, "it's Philip and Mary O'Connor, and—yes—Mr. Sherwood is with them. I could not be mistaken in his voice."

No, poor child, she could not be mistaken, for to her that voice held all the sweetness of the sweetest earthly music.

"I wonder! oh, I wonder! if it's true about Mrs. McMahon and him. But why should I care? I must not think of it. I guess I won't go down stairs unless I'm called."

She had not long to wait unsummoned. Joe came running up to her that Mr. Sherwood was asking for her, and that mamma said she should come down right away.

Frederick Sherwood greeted her, as was his wont, with almost brotherly cordiality. But she was very pale, and returned his greeting in a nervous, constrained manner. He noticed the change directly. It became even more apparent as the evening wore on, and he missed the winsome ways of the little maiden but yesterday so rosy and cheerful. Agnes, too, was unusually silent, but Rosalie's pleasant nonsense provoked frequent laughter from the rest of the company.

"Girls, I was forgetting to tell you the latest news," said Mary O'Connor. "Mrs. McMahon is going to Kenwood next week."

"To Kenwood? What for?" cried Agnes, startled for a moment out of her usual dignified calm.

"Why to enter the community, to be sure! What else would she go there for?" rejoined Mary.

"Oh my! oh my!" gasped Rosalie, in a convulsion of laughter. And then, when she had sufficiently recovered from her merriment to be able to talk intelligibly, "I hadn't the least suspicion of that; and oh! Mr. Sherwood, if you had but heard the joke I made this afternoon at her expense and yours! And I *did* have

a slight, a *very* slight foundation in fact, too. I shan't tell you just *what* I said, but you should have seen Ag—"

A stern glance from her father checked the utterance of the name that was on Rosalie's thoughtless lips, but she went on before her pause could be detected, "how the girls believed every word I told them."

Frederick Sherwood laughed heartily. "Do I look in the least like a disappointed lover, Miss Rosalie? And as to your 'foundation in fact,' now that I come to think of it, I believe I did walk home from high mass with Mrs. McMahon a Sunday or two ago; is that it?"

"Only that, and nothing more," rejoined Rosalie gaily, but the smile faded from her lips, and was succeeded by a look of intense astonishment, as her eyes rested for a moment upon Kittie's crimsoned face. She read something there that effectually controlled her careless tongue for the rest of the evening.

"Agnes," she said to her sister, when their guests had departed, and they themselves had retired to the privacy of their own apartment, "do you know I really think our Kittie is in love."

"Nonsense, Rosalie; Kittie is only a child."

"*We* didn't think ourselves children when we began to go into society two years ago. She's over seventeen."

"And pray who do you imagine to be the object of her mature preference?" queried Agnes, sarcastically.

"Frederick Sherwood, to be sure. It's plain to be seen, though I never suspected it myself until to-night. Did you observe how she colored when I was jesting with him about Mrs. McMahon?"

"No, I did not; but Kittie generally has a good deal of color, and then she was sitting near the fire."

"Well, Agnes, there's one thing certain, he has seemed always very

fond of Kittie." Again that wan look came over Agnes's face, while Rosalie added: "But, oh dear! I wonder if she will offer to go to Aunt Jane's; the poor little thing! it would be just like her to do it."

"I think she will do no more than her duty if she offers to go," responded Agnes. "The change will be good for her; it will help to make her womanly and self-reliant, and to rid her of her baby ways. Besides she may not have to stay there so very long. Papa may clear a large sum of money on this contract he has in view, or the Vanderhoff suit may be decided in his favor, so I shall not see anything so wonderfully heroic in her going away from home for a year or two. It's as much for her own interests as for ours."

"Yes, if we could be *sure* that it would be only for a year or two; but you know, Agnes, how time goes with us when there's question of paying borrowed money back."

Agnes's arguments, however, were always convincing to Rosalie in the long run, so after an hour or two she fell asleep, quite persuaded that Kittie would fall short of her manifest duty did she not propose to fulfil the conditions of Aunt Jane's offer.

But Agnes herself derived no such satisfaction from her own fair reasoning. Long after Rosalie's soft, regular breathing indicated tranquil sleep, she tossed restlessly about, her mind disturbed by a legion of conflicting thoughts. Why should this sacrifice fall to Kittie's share? Was not she herself older, stronger, better versed in the ways of the world, more fitted to cope with the difficulties of an altered mode of existence? Why should *her* proud spirit be exempted from "the needful discipline of life?" Such were the questions that arose within her; and oftentimes, during that long, unrestful night, she almost resolved to be the one to go forth from home and kindred for awhile, and thus lift from her

father's weary shoulders the burden that was crushing him to the earth. But the thought of Frederick Sherwood ever intervened, and the wild, selfish love that had grown up in her heart for him triumphed.

"How do you know that he cares for *you*?" questioned something within her, "and if indeed he loves you truly, absence will not destroy his affection."

"He would love me if Kittie were not here;" and with this thought uppermost in her mind she fell into a troubled sleep just as the light of early dawn was struggling through the closed shutters, and as Kittie was dressing hastily so as to be in time for the first mass at the cathedral.

CHAPTER III.

A DECISION AND A DEPARTURE.

SLOWLY and sorrowfully Kittie passed through the yet silent streets, on her way to the cathedral, in the chill, gray dawn of that October morning. She, too, had had a sleepless night. Her struggle though had ended in self-conquest.

"Yes, I am reconciled to go," she murmured, "but I will speak to Father Dunne about it first, and ask our dear Lady to help me to seem bright and cheerful. I don't want any one to know how much it is costing me. Then when I come home from mass I'll tell papa I'm willing to go, and he can answer Aunt Jane's letter to-day."

She stayed till the last mass had been said that morning. She so loved this fair cathedral, around which her earliest and most sacred memories clustered; which was home to her, even more than was her father's house. Oh, how she would miss it! She lingered long before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, telling the misgivings of her poor, sorrowful little heart to the sweet Mother of Sorrows, and then she sought counsel of her director.

His kind and earnest words cheered her, and showed her light upon the gloomy path that was opening out before her.

"Yes, my child, you will do well to go. It is hard to leave home and friends. Even so, your sacrifice will be all the more acceptable to God. Besides, you know not what good work may be there awaiting you. Will it not be worth all the suffering you can undergo, if you become the means, under God, of bringing this relative of yours into the fold of Christ? Only pray and show forth in your daily life, as far as your frailty will permit, the beauty and sweetness of the faith you profess, and you may accomplish great things for God's glory."

How changed to Kittie's eyes seemed the aspect of the outer world, as she turned her steps towards home. The sunshine had dissipated the chilly mist that had enveloped everything a few hours before; the trees were glorious with their many-hued autumnal leafage, and it was a joy to breathe the bracing morning air. In her own heart, too, a change had been wrought. Prayer and good counsel had brought light to her mind and strength to her heart, and the anticipation of the pain that was in store for her seemed rather sweet than bitter. How much happiness for her loved ones it would purchase. Papa would be so relieved, and mamma would not fret so much about the twins' prospects, and, perhaps, Joe could go to Seton Hall after awhile,—and, in the meantime, she—no, she would not let the tears dim those eyes that must be ready to meet her father's searching glances; brightly and bravely she would try to be happy; she would have much to occupy her; and oh, what a glorious thing it would be, if, as Father Dunne had suggested, she could win a soul for God! After all, perhaps, it might not be so very long till she could come home again. They would surely miss her, and love her better

than ever, and think often of her loneliness. And papa would make every effort to bring back his "little comfort," as he used to call her. Would Mr. Sherwood be surprised at her departure? Would he be likely to call again before it was time for her to go? Ah, she hoped so. She would like to say good-by to him. Somehow she wished he knew all about this.

"I should think you've prayed enough this morning, Kittie," exclaimed Rosalie, as her sister came into the dining-room, where the household were assembled for breakfast.

"Dick Wallace's big brother says there's some Catholic girls that live in the church and board at home, and he thinks our Kittie is one of them."

"If Dick Wallace's big brother saw the inside of the church a little oftener, he'd be a better man; and I'm surprised, Joe, that you would repeat his flippant remarks," said the father, gravely.

Joe looked down at his plate, from which the hot "buckwheats" were disappearing with a rapidity wonderful to witness, and there was an uncomfortable silence.

"Papa," said Kittie, who had been standing at her place beside her father, "you can write to Aunt Jane and tell her I will go to her. I can be ready to leave here by Monday next."

There was not a tremor in her voice, and when her father drew her to him, and looked earnestly into her face, a bright smile greeted him.

"My own dear little girl," he murmured.

No one else spoke. The "buckwheats" suddenly began to taste very bitter to Joe, and he felt an unaccountable difficulty in swallowing, so he pushed aside his plate and hurried up to the back attic, where the tears which he could not restrain might be shed unnoticed. What would home be like without Kittie? Whom

could he tell his boyish troubles and triumphs to now? Mamma was sick almost always, and papa would soon be away on this new railroad, and Agnes wouldn't be bothered listening, and Rosalie would laugh. Poor Joe felt, in a way that he could not put into words, that something very sweet and precious was going out of his boy-life, just when he could least afford to spare it. He felt very sorry for himself. "Now if it was Agnes, or even Rose, it wouldn't be half so bad; but Kittie, oh it's confounded mean!" Then he wondered vaguely how Kittie would like the change, and made up his mind that Aunt Jane must be awfully cross and disagreeable. "Out West" was a phrase of portentous import to Joe. He had an idea that Indian braves abounded in the vicinity of Cloverville, and that Kittie might even have a glimpse of the famous "Buffalo Bill" and his scouts. Then he heard Pete O'Grady whistling for him down in the yard, and he thought himself that it was almost nine o'clock, and that he must make haste, or he would be late for school.

* * * * *

Monday evening. Kittie sat in her place in the westward-bound train, holding her ticket and trunk-check in her hand, and gazing out at her father, Joe, and the twins, who had just kissed her good-by, and were now standing in view of the car-windows. Her mother had cried herself into a sick headache when the parting actually came, and had therefore been unable to go to the depot. Kittie had borne up bravely, but now as the train began to move, and the forms of her dear ones vanished from her sight, self-control deserted her, and she hid her face, sobbing convulsively:

"Oh, papa, my poor papa!"

* * * * *

Tuesday night. The last flower had been fastened in its place; the last deft touch had been given by

the mother's skilful fingers, and the twins, in their simple, but effective evening costumes, stood before the great mirror in the front parlor surveying themselves with smiles of satisfaction, while they awaited the carriage that was to convey them to Mrs. Carroll's. At the last moment their father had consented to accompany them; another subject of congratulation, for, as Rosalie remarked, "Papa always appears so well in society."

They were too much preoccupied with themselves, to notice their mother's flushed face and pain-dilated eyes as she sank back in a chair exhausted by the exertion she had made helping them with their toilette. Not so their father, who came in a few moments before the carriage arrived.

"I don't like to leave you, Emily," he said; "you look very sick to-night."

"Oh, it is nothing," she said, smiling faintly; "you must go, James; I wouldn't have the girls disappointed on my account; and now that you are returning to the 'road,' it will be long before they have you with them again."

But after they were gone, she wept long and bitterly, missing the gentle hands that used to soothe away her pain with tender touch and minister so lovingly to her varying needs.

"Oh, my darling, I never knew how much I had lost in losing you until now! My other daughters are so wrapped up in themselves. Oh, I have made a mistake somewhere with my girls! Oh, Kittie, Kittie, if you were here with me to-night!"

"Lovely girls, those Morgans," said Mrs. Carroll to Frederick Sherwood, as he conducted her to a sofa, after dancing a set with her; "but Kittie is my favorite. She's a sweet child, and will make a charming woman, I think. I'm so sorry she's gone away; I had set my heart on having her here to-night."

"Why, when did she go away?

I was speaking with her the other evening, and she said nothing about leaving home. It must have been very sudden."

"I think so; for she did not say good-by to me, but simply sent her regrets for to-night. The Morgans have some very wealthy relatives in the West, I understand. But Kittie has gone to school, I fancy. Ah, good evening, Mrs. Leighton; I am delighted to see you, and Fannie also!" And while his hostess was engaged with the new-comers, Frederick Sherwood made his way across the room to the Morgans.

Rosalie was about to join in the quadrille just forming, but Agnes, who had danced every set thus far, declined Frederick Sherwood's invitation for this one, pleading fatigue as her excuse. He took a chair beside her, and for a moment they watched the dancers in silence.

"So Kittie has gone," he said.

"Yes; did she not tell you she was going? She mentioned to us that you accompanied her home the other evening."

"So I did; but she never said a word about her intended departure."

"How strange! But Kittie has funny little ways of her own."

"Has she gone to school?"

"No, not exactly; you see we have relatives away off west, who have been very anxious for one of us girls to make them a visit; and Kittie wanted to go. She will not return for a year or more, I think."

"So long as that!"

"Yes, indeed. We miss her sadly, I assure you; but she desired so much to go, and pleaded so hard that papa and mamma finally gave a reluctant consent to her departure. Ah, home is not like home since she has left us! I could not bear to come here to-night without her, but mamma prevailed on me to do so."

Frederick Sherwood was surprised, and hurt, too, at the discovery of Kittie's apparent want of confidence in him; but he devoted himself as-

siduously to Agnes for the rest of the evening, and ere long began to feel in some measure consoled.

Somebody says that many a heart is caught in the rebound; and thus it seemed likely to prove with him. Returning from the party that night, the thought of Agnes Morgan haunted him. She was so brilliant, yet so deep; so fascinating, yet tender and modest, withal; how had it happened that he had so long been unmindful of her attractions?

CHAPTER IV.

STRAIGHTENING CROOKED WAYS.

WE find Agnes Morgan alone in the apartment in which we first made her acquaintance. It is May now, and she has drawn her divan close to the open window, and is gazing out dreamily through the soft lace curtains into the garden, beautiful with the odorous blossoming of late spring. But she sees not the pansies on which her eyes are riveted; she feels not the sweet breath of the mignonette, which the warm breeze wafts through the room. As she reclines upon the divan, in her pure white drapery brightened with a tint of delicate green, we might for a moment fancy her an angel of the springtime, so fair is she in these days of her dawning womanhood. We glance more closely, however, and we see that her face is pale and sad; and hearkening to the words that break involuntarily from her lips, "My God! if I could go back to last October and begin again!" we banish from our mind the comparison; for the anguish of regret is unknown among these bright spirits who always do the will of their Creator.

Why is Agnes Morgan sad? All her surroundings breathe of joy and peacefulness, and the ring that glitters on her thin, snowy hand, tells us that she is betrothed. Yes, ere the freshness shall have faded from June's red roses, she shall be Fred-

erick Sherwood's bride. What secret sorrow, then, is stealing the bloom from her fair face, and veiling from her eyes the loveliness of awakened nature, and poisoning her dream of love? Oh, Agnes, Agnes, you are but suffering the bitter penalty that soon or late becomes the portion of all who wander from the straight, safe ways of truth!

Sit down, dear reader, in sight of that remorseful face, and glance with me over the events that have transpired since the close of our last chapter. We shall not be disturbed. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan are both absent from home; the former at his business, the latter spending a few days at her brother's in Geneva. Joe is now at Seton Hall; he went there directly after the Christmas holidays. Rosalie has just gone into the garden to gather a basket of flowers, for she is a member of the Altar Society, and this is her week in charge of the Blessed Virgin's Chapel. Agnes will not notice us; she is too intent on her own thoughts just now to be conscious of anything external to them.

It was a great surprise, and not altogether a pleasant one to Parker Williamson, when he received from James Morgan four thousand dollars and interest in full up to date, on the day that the part payment on the mortgage fell due. He had hoped to be able to foreclose. Property was at a low figure in Sedgewick, for it was a time of great financial depression; and he intended to bid in the long-coveted homestead himself "at a bargain." But the opportunity was denied him, and the balance of the mortgage would not fall due for two years more. The business world as well as the social, began to smile again on James Morgan, when it saw him once more in a fair way to recover his former prosperous standing.

His family, also, soon felt the magical effects of Aunt Jane's opportunity loan. Friendships that had

cooled down almost to the freezing-point, were speedily renewed with summer fervency.

Both the girls received more than ordinary attention in society, and Agnes might have formed a circle of her own, and held queenly sway in it, had she willed it so, but she was indifferent to all admiration save Frederick Sherwood's; the conquest of his heart was the sole object of her ambition. The greatest obstacle to the attainment of her desires had been removed, but a jealous fear haunted her, that the fondness which he had always openly manifested for Kittie, might be something more than friendship, and strong enough to withstand a protracted separation from its object. She partly realized the advantage she had gained over her unconscious rival on the evening of Mrs. Carroll's party, and she followed it up closely. She studied Frederick Sherwood's character with assiduous care; she learned his tastes, his preferences, his foibles, and squared her outer acts accordingly. She sought diligently to place her absent sister in an unfavorable light before him, and thus destroy the lingering affection which he might still entertain for her. And she succeeded; significant glances, words half-uttered and half-recalled; circumstances, sometimes real, sometimes invented for the occasion, brought to his notice apparently by accident, did the work so cleverly that he attributed the change in his sentiments towards Kittie purely to his own powers of discrimination (of which, unconsciously, he held a high opinion), never dreaming that any outside influence was gently, but persistently, shaping his judgment on the matter. How could he ever have preferred the unformed, imperfectly educated girl, with her childish ways, changeful moods, and obstinate attachment to her own strange caprices, to her cultured, accomplished sister, whose yielding disposition and womanly serenity of

mind and manner, were so indescribably attractive? Indeed, he congratulated himself that matters had gone no further between himself and Kittie. "It would have been a sad mistake," he reasoned; "the difference in our ages is too great. Marriages, when there is so much disparity in point of years, often prove unhappy. True, Agnes is barely twenty, but she is mature beyond her age, and is admirably fitted to become the mistress of a household such as mine will be."

Frederick Sherwood was not in favor of a long engagement. He was becoming very successful in his profession latterly. He had purchased a pretty house not far from the Morgan residence, and was fitting it up with much taste and thoughtfulness for his bride elect. "My wife shall miss none of the comforts and elegances to which she has been accustomed in her father's house;" and then he began to think how pale she was looking lately, and how spiritless and sad she often appeared when she did not know that his eyes were upon her, and suddenly it flashed across his mind,—and there was sharp pain in the thought,—that Agnes had never seemed quite like herself from the day on which she had promised to become his wife.

* * * * *

"Aggie, dear, let us have supper early so we can be at the cathedral before seven o'clock. I want to fix the Blessed Virgin's altar elegantly, for these last few evenings of her month. See these flowers; aren't they lovely? and I've tended them all myself. Mrs. Rogers has seven callas in bloom, and has promised them for this evening. She'll call for us at half-past six, so we must make haste. And Aggie, it's Friday, you know, and the priests will hear confessions right away after the May devotions. Won't you stay with me and go to confession to-night, dear? To-morrow there will

be such a crowd round the confessionals, for Sunday is the last day for the Easter duty; and you know you have not received the sacraments since last fall. Oh, Aggie, Aggie, don't look so at me! it's no use, this *is* my affair, and I *will* speak out. What strange spirit has taken possession of you—you who never missed your monthly communion? Papa and mamma think you go every time I do; what would they say if they knew the truth? Aggie, darling, rouse yourself; it's just breaking my heart to see you so listless and sorrowful. Come to confession; you can never be happy without God's blessing, and you can't have it while you stay away from the sacraments. I know we're all poor sinners, but you've never done half so many dreadful things as I've done;" and sobs smother Rosalie's voice as she kneels beside her sister, and looks pleadingly, through her tears, into the white face, almost rigid in its desperate calm.

Agnes gently loosens her hands from Rosalie's clinging clasp, and rises, saying wearily:

"I'll go to confession to-morrow morning; won't that do? Mamma is coming home to-night and I must go to meet her. You and Mrs. Rogers can fix the altar very well without me, for once."

"You are only making idle excuses, Agnes. Mr. Sherwood said he'd wait for mamma to-night and bring her home. You shan't leave the room till you promise to come to confession this very evening; to-morrow won't do!"

"There, let me go, Rosalie; I promise."

A little later and Agnes Morgan, kneeling in the darkest corner of the dimly-lighted cathedral, is preparing for confession. Eight long months to be accounted for! "Oh, if I could but go back to last October and begin again!" Ah, it is easy enough to be sorry for her sin; her

heart aches remorsefully for her poor little sister, to whom she has acted so base a part. She will confess it, too, though this is a harder task; but to repair it, to acknowledge her falsehood to the man for whose love she has risked her soul's salvation, can she ever humble herself to that? How he will despise her meanness. "What matters it—as I have sinned so must I suffer," she moans, half-aloud; and then, rising, she enters the confessional.

They find Frederick Sherwood in the parlor on their return from the cathedral.

"Good evening, girls. The May devotions have been unusually long this evening, it appears."

"We remained to go to confession, that is why we were detained," answers Rosalie. "Where's mamma, Mr. Sherwood?"

"She was called away, a moment since, by one of the servants."

"I'll go and find her;" and Rosalie passes from the apartment, leaving her sister alone with Frederick Sherwood. She stands before him white and silent, and when, at last, she raises her eyes to his there is a timid, questioning look in them that makes him think of Kittie. She tries to speak, but her voice dies away in an indistinct murmur.

"Agnes, my dear girl, what has occurred to agitate you so strangely?"

"Frederick Sherwood, I free you from your engagement to me. I am unworthy of you—I am unworthy of the love of any true-hearted man. I have wilfully misrepresented to you my own sister Kittie. She is absent from home, not for pleasure, not for caprice, as I have led you to believe, but because she alone was willing to make the sacrifice necessary to save our home and reinstate my father in his business. A distant relative offered to lend him a large sum of money, provided one of us would go and remain with her until he should be able to repay it. Kittie went. This relative is a

coarse, vulgar woman, without education, without religion; but she is upright and good-hearted in her way. Kittie is leading a lonely, laborious life, that we may be maintained in the ease to which we have been accustomed. Through me she was forbidden to make any explanation concerning her departure. I was glad to have her go, because I feared she loved you, and that your own well-known brotherly affection for her was growing into a deeper sentiment. Since then I have persistently brought her before you in a false aspect," she falters, breathlessly.

"And this you have done, Agnes, because—" But she falls to the floor in a swoon.

* * * * *

"Yes, she is ever so much better this morning, Mr. Sherwood. She is in the back parlor; go right in—but, stay a moment; I must tell you something. Do you know her engagement ring fell off in the excitement last night and we can't find it anywhere? Her fingers are so slender, poor dear."

"I've been noticing that, Rosalie, and I'm happy to tell you that I found the ring, and carried it off with me to get a guard for it, so the same mischance may not happen again."

So saying, Frederick Sherwood enters the parlor. Agnes covers her face with her hands as he approaches.

"Look up, my Agnes; do not shrink from me. I have not come to add one feather's weight to the shame and suffering you have endured in rectifying your great mistake. I love you the better that you have had the courage to brave what you feared the most for the sake of truth and justice. As for Kittie, poor child, she knows nothing of this—she must never know. She was to me as a dear little sister; she could never have been more, I think. Even if she did care for me, it was

'Not love, but love's first flash in youth.'

I sometimes used to think last year, and I still have the same idea, that a holier destiny awaits our Kittie. My darling, do not weep so bitterly; this hard, hard lesson will serve you for all time. Let this never again be referred to between us; it is dead and buried; let it rest forever. Look up, my own dear Agnes. I want to see you smiling and happy again. I have good news for you. I am to have a three months' vacation this summer, so we can go to Europe on our wedding tour after all."

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Passing through the straggling village of Cloverville we follow the road to the left, for the distance of perhaps a mile, until we come in sight of a wood-colored, weather-worn cottage, the residence of Mrs. Jane Tompkins. The house is built on a corner, for at this point a short road, or rather alley, diverges from the main one. The house faces on the alley, and several acres of land, well-cultivated and carefully inclosed, lie behind it. A tall, thin woman, about sixty years of age, sits on the door-step. She is somewhat stooped; her hands are large and sinewy; her face is so tanned and wrinkled that it is hard to guess what its original complexion has been. Her eyes are bright and have a shrewd expression, and her thin gray hair is drawn into a small tight knot on the back of her head. Her dress is somewhat peculiar, consisting of a blue calico skirt, reaching barely to her ankles, and a loose striped calico sacque, belted round her waist with the strings of her coarse gingham apron. Her feet are bare, and the sleeves of her sacque are turned up above her elbows, disclosing her long, red, muscular arms.

"Kittie!" The tone is quick and sharp, but the look that she lifts to the slender girl who comes from the inner room in answer to her summons, is not unkindly. "Kittie, what time is it?"

"It's half-past eleven, Aunt Jane."

"I declare I'm clean tired out, but I'm glad we've got all them winter things washed, anyway. It's a beautiful day for dryin'. I wish you'd fry some pork and eggs for dinner, Kittie." Fry pork and eggs with the thermometer at 90° in the shade! but Kittie makes no comment, as she prepares the meal according to her aunt's desire.

Our little heroine has changed greatly since we saw her last. She looks taller, for she has become very slight. The bright flush has left her cheeks; her "baby ways" have given place to a sweet, settled gravity of demeanor. She is doing her best to brighten this cheerless house, and it pleases her when she sees her aunt's eyes rest with complacency on the pretty "tidy" that adorns the well-worn horse-hair sofa in the "settin'-room," and on the few pictures that relieve the nakedness of its dismal, white-washed walls. The kitchen though, in which most of their time is spent, has thus far baffled her efforts to alter its uninviting appearance. But she has trained scarlet runners and morning-glories on the outside, and these shade from the one curtainless window the burning rays of the meridian sun.

The frugal dinner is soon dispatched, and Kittie washes the dishes, sweeps the floor, feeds the pigs and chickens, and brings the clothes in from the lines before she glances at the clock again. Then she says:

"Aunt Jane, it's nearly four o'clock; the mail will soon be in, and I'm expecting a letter from home. May I go up to the village? I'll be back in time to get tea ready."

"Well, I don't care ef you do, but I shud think you'd rather rest yerself now, and go to the village in the cool o' the evenin'," rejoins her aunt, looking up from her patch-work.

"Oh, I'm not too tired to go as far as the post-office."

"I never seen the day you was since you come to me. Well, I spose t'aint no more then nateral that you'd want to know how yer folks is gettin' on."

"Do you want anything from the store, Aunt Jane?"

"Not as I know of, but mebbe there's somethin' you'd have a no-shun for yourself. I wish there was. You don't eat enough, somehow; you're gettin' awful starved-lookin'."

Kittie finds two letters awaiting her; the thick one in the square white envelope is from Joe unmistakably; the long, narrow, cologne-scented missive bears Agnes's handwriting.

"Dear Joe! I can always be sure of his weekly letter, but this is the first I've had from Agnes in a long while."

She hastened through the village, and after a few moments' rapid walk, sits down by the roadside, under a spreading chestnut tree, to read her letters. Ernest Holmes rides very slowly past the spot, and scrutinizes Kittie wonderingly. "An uncommonly pretty girl; very refined and intelligent-looking too, and a stranger in these parts evidently. Who can she be?"

But Kittie, deep in her brother's letter, is unconscious that the eyes of the great man of Cloverville have rested approvingly upon her. When she has finished it she refolds it, puts it in her pocket, and opening her sister's dainty note, reads:

SEDGEWICK, June 11th, 1874.

MY DEAREST KITTIE: You will, without doubt, be surprised to learn of my approaching marriage, as I had not informed you of my engagement. I will be married to Frederick Sherwood on the morning of the 17th inst. Our wedding is to be quite private. We shall go to New York Wednesday afternoon, and remain there until Saturday, on which day we shall sail for Europe in the steamer Bothnia. I shall

write to you at greater length from New York.

Dear, dear Kittie, pray much for your loving but unworthy sister,

AGNES MORGAN.

For a few instants Kittie sits motionless; she feels stunned, as if she had received a heavy blow, and surrounding objects swim before her eyes. Then she presses to her lips the little silver crucifix (Alice Sheridan's parting gift) which she always wears suspended on her bosom, and rising,

"Takes up the burden of life again,"

but unlike Maud Muller, she casts not even a thought back to what "might have been."

"I'm later than I expected to be, Aunt Jane," she says, trying to smile, and failing miserably, as she enters the kitchen.

"It don't make no difference. You must be tired enough; busy since five o'clock this mornin', and that long tramp to and from the village on top of all," rejoins her aunt, adding, with rough good nature, "Set over and have a cup o' tea and some o' them berries."

Kittie, in gratitude for this unwonted thoughtfulness, is fain to comply, but her lips quiver, and tears rush to her eyes despite all her efforts.

"Aunt Jane, I believe I must lie down," she says, rising from the table, after a vain attempt to eat; "my head aches badly."

"Can't I do nothin' for you?" inquires the latter, with a softened look in her keen gray eyes.

"No, thank you; I'll be all right to-morrow if I get a good night's rest."

"Well, don't get up till I call

you, Kittie; you've jest overdone yourself, that's what's the trouble."

"She's had bad news from home I guess," soliloquizes Jane Tompkins, when she finds herself alone. "Now ef I'd been used to kindness in my young days, or ef I'd ever had a child of my own, I'd know how to say somethin' kind o' soft-hearted to her, for I feel bad for her, so I do. She's done her duty by me since she's come. I couldn't do without her nohow, it seems to me, but I s'pose she won't stay with me a day more'n she can help. Well, I can't blame her. She's awful delicate-looking. She takes after the Rainses that way. Well, we won't have such a day's work again in a good while."

The next day Kittie is calmly cheerful, and goes about her work with her wonted assiduity. Does she not suffer? Ah, yes; her poor disappointed little heart aches dumbly, for there is no kind mother near to whom she can look for sweet human sympathy. But she prays, and after a time prayer brings truer comfort. She does not feed her sorrow with vain regrets and dangerous reveries; so by and by it dies a natural death, and she thinks calmly of Agnes and her husband, and prays with all her heart for their prosperity. Frederick Sherwood was right after all. Kittie's affection for him was only "love's first flash in youth."

The story of her life is yet unwritten. For the present, kind reader, we shall leave her in her life of toil and privation, and congenial companionship, happy with that pure gladness that ever sweetens the lot of all who live not for themselves alone. And some time it may be ours to write and yours to read how Kittie's life in a strange land ended.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE opening of a new year naturally suggests retrospective thoughts. If we look to Italy, we shall see the same strange spectacle that has perplexed Christendom for over six years. In the Vatican, His Holiness Pope Pius IX still resides a virtual prisoner, and receives almost daily fresh testimonies of the love and faithful adherence to his cause of the Catholics of the world. He still guides the storm-tossed bark of St. Peter, and although he has lost from his side Cardinal Antonelli, Cardinal Patrizi, and other faithful servants and champions, yet fresh men constantly arise to take their places, and the Italian Government, whatever its wishes may be under the present radical advisers of Victor Emmanuel, is unable to do as much evil as might be expected it would do.

In the Quirinal sits the uneasy King of Italy. He knows that his throne, erected by revolution, may be overthrown by revolution. The heavy taxes, and the other incidental burdens necessary to maintain Italy as a "Great Power," press heavily on a people impoverished and not over-blessed with an industrious turn of mind. The Parliament sitting at Monte Citorio, composed of members elected by only 500,000 out of 27,000,000 of people, is chiefly occupied in devising fresh schemes to plunder the Church and restrain its liberties. The situation is a curious one, and has not lost any of its singular and anomalous features.

The eyes of the world have been turned of late towards the east of Europe. The oppression exercised towards the Christians of European Turkey has afforded a plausible excuse for Russia to undertake the championship of races, allied to her people by the double tie of similarity of origin and agreement in creed. The massacres of Bulgaria alienated much sympathy from Turkey, and Sultan after Sultan has been deposed by the intrigues of the Sophtas and fanatical Moslems, who were irritated as well by the failure of the attempts to conquer Servia, as by the dictation of the European Powers. The Turkish armies, successful in their battles with the Servian forces, were stopped by a Russian ultimatum. A conference is now sitting in Constantinople, but as the demands made on Turkey are not acceptable to the latter, war is still imminent.

Catholics, as such, have taken no part in these events; but the Catholics of Turkey have not been very active in insurrectionary movements.

If we look at Spain, we find that the young King Alfonso, Isabella's son, still occupies the throne. The Carlists are apparently

suppressed, but the attempts made to deprive the Basque Provinces of the immemorial rights and privileges they have enjoyed have caused much dissatisfaction.

Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, as well as Norway and Sweden, offer little of interest. Perhaps, in this case, the old saying that "Happy is the nation that has no history," is verified. As regards Switzerland, the little sect of "Old Catholics" drags on a precarious existence, fostered by the state, but disowned by the true Catholics.

As regards Great Britain and her extensive colonies and dependencies, there is much to console Catholics. The hierarchy, headed by Cardinal Manning, is working hard, and its efforts are seconded by the zeal of the clergy and laity. Every week new churches, new schools, new convents, are being opened. Conversions are numerous. They are not heralded with the same noise as formerly by Protestants, but they are more numerous, and occur in every rank of society. Contrary to the general opinion, we believe that conversions are far more numerous in the middle and lower classes of England than in the upper. Cardinal Manning is making strenuous efforts to promote the two great causes,—Temperance and Education.

Turning to Ireland, the most remarkable fact is the steadfast increase of her national aspirations to freedom. Two parties aspire to represent Ireland's wishes,—the Home-Rule party, who demand a scheme of federation with Great Britain on the basis of local self-government for Ireland; and the Repealers, who demand simple repeal of the act of union. Catholicity in Ireland is as strong as ever it was.

The past year has been an eventful one in the history of the United States. It has witnessed the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of our National Independence, and a disputed Presidential election. The former event was a great success; the latter is a great peril. The electoral votes of three States are in dispute, and clouded with suspicions of fraud and intimidation; that of another State is involved in a technical doubt. The forthcoming President will, in either case, hold his office by a majority of one vote only, and perhaps with the consciousness that the popular and electoral vote is believed, by one-half of the community, to have been against him. In Mexico, or in France, such a condition of affairs would lead to bloody conflicts and a succession of revolutions. As it is, there are two States who have two Governors each, and,

were it not for the easy and good-natured disposition of the American people, who have an abiding faith that law will prevail and that everything will come out right in the end, we should be in a dangerous situation indeed. But, as it is, the country is peaceful.

The Catholic Church has had to encounter no attacks this year in America, but has pursued its mission of peace and conciliation as usual. Republicans and Democrats are to be found in its ranks, and while the bishops and clergy are too busy to attend to political affairs, the laity vote as their reason or their prejudices dictate. While they are represented by a Francis Kernan in the Senate, and a John Lee Carroll in the gubernatorial chair of Maryland, they need not fear comparison, as regards ability, with any other section.

What is the work before Catholics this year? While the clergy are straining every nerve to build churches and schools, is there nothing for Catholics to do but sit still and contribute money when asked to? This latter they should do, but not leave other things undone. The cultivation of greater social harmony and unity, the encouragement of literature, doing something to save the young men from losing the faith, an increase of love for the Church, a decrease of national and sectional prejudice: these are some of the objects before us. The Irish Catholics can learn much from our German brethren. The Germans can learn from the Irish. Six or eight millions of Catholics ought to be a power in this land of disjointed, divided, and innumerable sects and parties. There is nothing strong, nothing permanent, nothing enduring on this earth, but the Catholic Church. As St. Chrysostom, we believe, says, "The Church is stronger than Heaven itself; for it is written heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." What words? "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church."

Two distinguished prelates have died lately in Ireland. Bishop Whelan of Bombay was one of these. For a long time he has been residing in Dublin, where he has endeared himself to all classes by his willingness to perform every episcopal duty that was required of him and by his genuine kindness and piety. He was Vicar Apostolic in Bombay many years ago, when the "Goa schism" afflicted a portion of India, and struggled against many difficulties. His funeral took place on December 18th, at St. Theresa's Church, Dublin.

The second prelate who has gone to his reward was Bishop O'Hea, of Ross. He was born in 1808, and died on the 18th of

December, 1876. He was buried on December 21st, at Skibbereen, in his cathedral in that town. The Most Rev. Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, and the Bishops of Killaloe, Galway, Limerick, and other places with a very large number of the clergy, were present at the funeral obsequies. From 8,000 to 10,000 persons accompanied the funeral procession of this pious and patriotic bishop, who was one of the few remaining links which connect the present with the past—the days of renewed hope for Catholicity in Ireland with the dark days of the times prior to Catholic emancipation.

WE rejoice to see that courses of lectures on religious and popular topics are becoming more and more in favor with our people. The Boston Catholic Union and several organizations in New York City have them, and they seem to be well attended. The Catholic Philopatrian Institute of Philadelphia has a Sunday evening free course of lectures, and they also do much good.

The American people will go to lectures, and our leading lecturers make large sums of money. We believe many educated Protestants would go to good Catholic lectures when they might not feel inclined to go to church to hear sermons.

THE will of Cardinal Antonelli, which has been published, caused some comment. The deceased left his property to his brothers and nephews, and some persons were surprised to see that he had not left any to the Church, not being aware that in the first place bequests to churches and religious corporations are null and void in Italy, and secondly, that there is no security in that country but what is in the possession of the Church to-day may not be "ex-propriated" or stole to-morrow.

It is a most striking and wonderful proof of the strength of the Catholic religion in Italy, that although the government and a large portion of the educated classes as well as the rabble of some cities is so strongly hostile to the Church, and, on the other hand, the Catholics so unaccustomed to the methods of constitutional agitation, yet that the anti-Catholic faction is able to do comparatively so little of what they would desire. For, however much wrong and damage the irreligious faction have done, it is as nothing to what they would do, if they could. They would destroy every church in Italy, kill or banish every priest, and utterly exterminate the Catholic faith in Italy. They cannot do this. And why? Because God protects his Church and preserves the faith in millions of Italians who, deceived into the belief that the national

unity is to be secured, support or connive at acts in themselves wrong, because they believe these acts to be necessary to secure that unity.

CATHOLICITY has increased very much in Brooklyn. The *Daily Argus* of that city says: "Bishop Loughlin was consecrated first bishop of Brooklyn in 1853, twenty-three years ago. The term of his episcopate has been marked by the rapid and continuous progress of the Faith. In Brooklyn alone he has consecrated thirty-six churches, a rate of increase in the number of places of Catholic worship which is hardly equalled by any other city, and is considerably in excess of the growth of any Protestant denomination in this city in the same space of time."

Under the rule of Bishop Loughlin, says Mr. Murray, the diocese of Brooklyn has become one of the most important in this country, numbering 90 churches and chapels, 112 priests, 2 colleges, 6 academies, 34 parish churches, and several religious orders.

Twenty-five years ago (1850) there were only seven Catholic churches in the whole of Kings County, with accommodations for 8400 worshippers, and a total valuation of church property amounting to \$186,000 (United States census of 1850).

There are now in the city of Brooklyn thirty-nine Catholic churches (Lain's Directory for 1876), and in the Catholic communion, as already stated, there are two hundred thousand persons, exclusive of the residents in the county towns.

THE Irish Home Rule movement is becoming a matter of much discussion. We note the following remarks on the position

of affairs in Great Britain in the *New York Independent*:

"There is little cheering to say of the future position of the Home Rulers, if English members who wish well to Ireland are to be credited. They declare that the Home Rule movement is unreal; that there is not the slightest doubt of Irish disaffection, and that Mr. Smythe is the one thoroughly honest man among the Irish members. Ireland does not want home government. She wants disunion. 'If I were Irish I should go in for separation,' said an M. P. the other day. 'England will give her a strong land bill, but she will get nothing else. We never can understand Ireland. The more depressed she is the more humble, as all peoples are when utterly ground down by misery.' It requires a certain amount of prosperity to generate self-respect and a desire for national independence. England fails to appreciate this fact, and talks about the Irish ingratitude."

REV. JOHN SPALDING, of Louisville, has been appointed first bishop of the See of Peoria, which comprises the central portion of the State of Illinois. Bloomington aspires to be the seat of the Episcopal residence.

THE terrible fire in Brooklyn, at which a great number of Irish Catholics fell victims to the flames, suggests the necessity of taking precautions to prevent the loss of life at churches as well as theatres. Doors should all be constructed so as to open outwards, the passages and entrances should be capacious, and particular care should be taken of gauzy trimmings, the position of heaters, etc., so that panics, those fatal events which kill more people than the flames, be avoided.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS. Being a Plain Exposition and Vindication of the Church founded by our Lord Jesus Christ. By Right Rev. James Gibbons, D.D., Bishop of Richmond and Administrator-Apostolic of North Carolina. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co. London: R. Washbourne, 1877.

The object of this work, as stated in the preface, is "to present in a plain, practical form, an exposition and vindication of the principal tenets of the Catholic Church." Its chief aim is to bring home those truths to persons who accept the Holy Scriptures as divinely inspired. Hence the statements of the author are fortified with frequent ref-

erences to the sacred text. There are also numerous references to the fathers of the early ages of the Church, which must be accepted, even by non-Catholics, as evidence of the belief of Christians in those times.

In examining the work we have been struck with its simplicity of arrangement and clearness of statement. The topics discussed are handled in a masterly manner, yet with no parade of learning or abstruseness of argument. The facts and reasons presented are set forth in such straightforward, simple style as to be within the comprehension of the most ordinary mind, and yet at the same time with such clearness and strength of presentation that they should carry conviction to every sincere inquirer.

While the work is thus calculated to do great good, if placed in the hands of candid non-Catholics by dispelling wrong impressions, and inspiring correct ideas as to the grounds of Catholic belief, it is also a book which contains, within small compass, the information and arguments which Catholics constantly need to explain the truths of their holy faith to their Protestant friends and acquaintances who may be desirous of acquainting themselves with those truths, and to defend them against others who may attack them.

It is an admirable book, and one that was greatly needed to meet a want which it well supplies. The right reverend author, whose learning and ability are well known, has in this work made a beginning towards the creating of a species of American Catholic literature, and it is to be hoped that this will be followed by other like works on different subjects connected with the Catholic faith from his pen, and from that of other American Catholics eminent for literary ability, until we become as well supplied in the United States with Catholic works as are the Catholics of European countries.

DEIRDRE (No Name Series). Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

Critics in the newspaper press have spoken very favorably of this poem; but not more favorably than it deserves. It is an Irish epic, a tale of love, jealousy, and war. And, we think, it is not going too far, if we say that it is the most successful attempt at epic poetry in this century. The story which it embodies is a straightforward, simple tale without complications, as necessarily must be the case with an epic.

The king of Eman goes to a banquet in the house of Feiliméd. During the festivity Deirdre, the daughter of Feiliméd, is born. Caffa, a seer, predicts her future beauty and the destruction it will bring upon Eman and his nobility. The nobles demand the death of the infant; but the king orders her to be brought up in perfect seclusion, with the intention of marrying her when she becomes old enough to be his wife. Deirdre, however, and Naisi, son of Usna, fall in love with each other and fly to Alba, where Naisi takes military service with the king. The Albanian king falls in love with Deirdre, and conspires the death of Naisi and his brothers. They escape, however, to a beautiful island. Thence they are decoyed by the king of Eman, who, breaking his oath, has them all murdered.

From the thread of this simple story the poem is woven. True to the character of an epic, it is full of action throughout. The characters are not described, they rise up before us, as we read, as living men. A

writer in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* has compared many of its passages with analogous ones in Homer and Virgil, and does not hesitate to claim that they are not inferior, and in this judgment we are inclined to concur. There is little or no pathos, no tenderness, or softness. There could not well be, consistently, with the subject, the manner of treatment, and the rough, fierce, barbaric times and men, who love, and hate, and fight in the pages of the poem. In the battle scenes the combatants live, and fight, and shout, and struggle, and die before you. The descriptions are strong, powerful, true to nature, and evince not merely poetic talent, but genius of a high order. The descriptions of nature are exquisite, both in their truthfulness and strength. We give an extract which pictures the close of autumn:

Calm Autumn died, and in that garden fair
The last flowers withered in the treacherous air.
The little stream with mournful murmurs rolled,
And the trees doffed their robes of bronze and gold,
And fading blue and green, and glowing red;
And all the outside lands lay damp and dead,
Wrapped in a cheerless shroud of foggy haze,
Voiceless for lengths of dreary days on days,
Save now and then through the dull gloom was heard
The weird-like warning of the drummer bird,
The bittern from the flat isle of the mere,
Or curlew's calling, now remote, now near,
Or the wild plover from the uplands springs,
Or mighty whirl of multitudinous wings
Of rooks and noisy starlings spreading o'er
The cattle pastures by the river shore.
And sometimes, too, the ruffian winds would come
To chase the dying leaves from their lost home
In the forlorn grove, or with dead sound
The Thunder God would rise from underground
And roar amid the gaps of distant hills,
And the thick rain would pour and swell the rills
To rivers, and the rivers into seas,
Till all at once would rise a southern breeze,
Born 'mid the powers of some more genial clime,
And make a mimic summer for a time.

POEMS: Devotional and Occasional. By Benjamin Dionysius Hill, C. S. P. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Warren Street. 1877.

This volume, as we learn from the preface, is made up of poems written by Father Hill at intervals during the last eight years. Some of them have appeared, from time to time, in the *Catholic World*. Some of them are deeply devotional, and all of them are inspired by a pure Catholic spirit. Interspersed are some beautiful descriptions of nature. But the writer, unlike so many of our modern poets, is no worshipper of mere material beauty. The natural world, with all its loveliness of scene and form and hue, is but the symbol in all its manifestations of him who created it, and upholds it. It is when our Divine Lord, or his Immaculate Virgin Mother constitutes our author's theme, that his poetic inspiration pours itself into his verses most freely and fully.

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